Vol 7 **The War Illustrated** No 161

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE AUGUST 20, 1943

PASSING FROM BATTLE in Sicily to a prisoners' cage, these Italians, for whom the war is at an end, are but a handful of the upwards of 90,000 Axis prisoners taken by August 2, 1943 when all but the north-eastern tip of the island had passed into Allied hands. Cigarette in mouth, the British soldier and his comrades on the wall watch the motley throng with good-humoured smiles as it leaves the dust of conflict for the peace and comparative comfort of captivity.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

NO. 162 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

JULY fulfilled its promise of being one of the most eventful months of the war. The collapse of Mussolini and of the Fascist regime was the most sensational event of the month, certainly accelerated if not brought about by the military events. The opening of the German summer offensive in Russia, which for a few days looked dangerous, revived Axis hopes, but they were quickly damped by the remarkable Russian defence.

While the battle in the Kursk salient was at its height and its results still uncertain, came the amazingly successful invasion of Sicily, marked by the wonderful perfection of the Allied preparations and the skill shown in the planning and execution of one of the most difficult operations in warfare.

Then followed the Russian offensive on the Orel front to prove how completely the German offensive had failed. There had been Russian offensives in the summer in previous years, but they had all had a defensive or diversionary purpose to check the full development of German offensive strategy. Here, however, was a Russian summer offensive which marked a definite recovery of the initiative lost temporarily at the end of the winter campaign.

It is not surprising that Hitler had no reserves to send to Mussolini's assistance, nor that in the circumstances Mussolini decided to quit the sinking ship leaving Badoglio the task of saving what he could from the wreckage.

ONE MAN AND HIS DOG. Cherished personal possessions, including pets and musical instruments, were carried by many Italian prisoners, one of whom waits on the beach with his dog for the boat that will carry him captive from Sicily.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

SICILY At the time I am writing (at the end of July) the military situation in Sicily is clear enough, but the further development of political events in Italy may affect immensely the normal course of military action before this article is published.

Up to the present the Allies have to their credit the great achievement of having in the course of three weeks successfully landed a large army in Sicily and of having secured possession of more than three-quarters of the island. What they occupy provides them with an admirable base for further operations, having several good ports and a considerable number of airfields.

But the enemy, having deliberately abstained from risking German troops in defence of the western part of the island, has concentrated them in its North-East corner, where they are holding a very strong position covering approaches to the Straits of Messina. With three and a half German divisions and two or three Italian divisions which may be of better quality than most of those met with in Sicily the enemy should have sufficient troops to offer determined resistance on a front which is little over fifty miles long in a straight line; especially as much of the front could probably be lightly held on account of the nature of the terrain. The position also affords excellent observation.

THE Allies are now in contact with the enemy almost along his whole front: British troops on the right and Canadians in the centre after having been engaged in stiff fighting with the Germans in their advance. The Americans on the left who have just come up into line have had less fighting,

BATTLE OF THE SICILIAN TIP, showing how the Allied Armies moved off on August 1, 1943. During the following week Catania, Alderno and Bronte had fallen to the Eighth Army; the Americans had taken Troina and advanced beyond S. Agata. *Courtesy of The News Chronicle*

THIS YOUNG OFFICER of the famous Hermann Goering Division was included in the first batch of prisoners from Sicily to be landed in Britain. Note the distinctive armlet on his sleeve. *Photo, P.N.A.*

but much larger distances to go and have presumably to develop new bases at the ports captured in the west of the island; in fact, they are ready to take part in a major operation. It is clear that should the enemy continue to hold his ground here a full-scale, carefully prepared attack would be required to dislodge him, and days or even weeks may elapse before it could possibly achieve decisive results.

Meanwhile, the enemy is being subjected to heavy artillery and air attacks with probably numerous local operations to secure favourable starting positions and better observation. Up to the present the enemy has been receiving reinforcements, probably at least sufficient to replace casualties. That, owing to developments in Italy, may become more difficult, but it is safer to assume that the numerical strength of his forces will be maintained though the morale of his troops may deteriorate under bombardment.

The enemy obviously is accepting the risk of a large-scale disaster ; for evacuation as a last resort would, under concentrated air attack and under pressure of Allied pursuit, be a very different matter from dribbling in reinforcements. It might be altogether impracticable and at the best extremely costly. Yet the Germans were almost bound to accept the risk, for at no other point in Italian territory could they hope to meet us on comparatively equal terms. The number of German troops in Italy is small, and Germany has no central reserve from which the numbers can be increased materially, nor can reserves be safely transferred from other sectors.

CLEARLY, with such limited numbers, Germany could not consider holding the whole of Italy without Italian cooperation, and that, in any case, would have entailed the danger of German troops becoming involved in an Italian débâcle. Withdrawal of German troops to Northern Italy would have antagonized the Italians, and left them, even if they made the attempt, incapable of

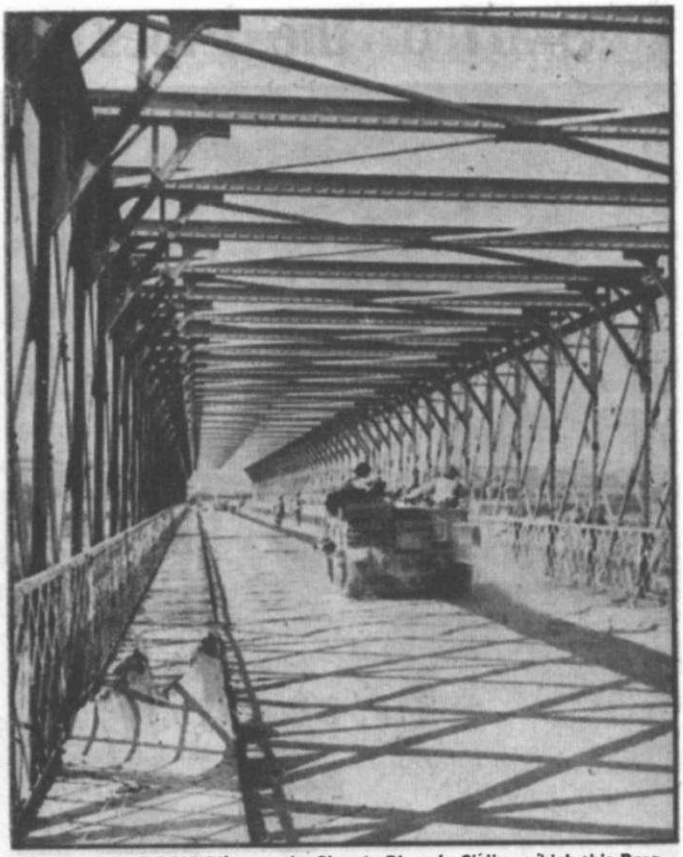
OREL-BIELGOROD FRONT on July 27, 1943. Von Hunersdorff's push from Bielgorod to Kursk had been smashed, and the Soviet advance on Orel neared its conclusion. Orel and Bielgorod were retaken by the Red Army on August 5. *By courtesy of The Times*

holding the southern part of the peninsula, which would then become an Allied base.

In fact, the north-east corner of Sicily alone offered a sufficiently restricted front on which a small, exclusively German force might check Allied progress and at least gain time to see what policy under Badoglio's leadership Italy would follow. But even should the Germans be able to hold this position for some time it will not prevent the further development of Allied plans nor interfere with intensified bombing of Italy. Germany cannot escape the dilemma in which her lack of a strong central reserve places her.

It is interesting to note that all the German divisions in Sicily are new formations under old names of divisions lost in Africa or at Stalingrad. They might therefore have been expected to be of second-class quality constituted from the inexperienced and inadequately trained personnel produced by Hitler's call-up of all Germany's available man power. Yet actually they are evidently first-class troops probably with a high percentage of recovered wounded and invalids who have all the advantages of experience and thorough training. Their loss would therefore make disaster all the more serious.

If Badoglio fails to rally the Italian nation and army and is forced to accept the Allied terms, the Germans may hope that he would be able to give them an opportunity of withdrawing such parts of their force as they can succeed in evacuating from Sicily. But if Badoglio is able to continue the struggle it seems probable that the Germans will fight for their bridgehead in Sicily to the last possible position, and a quick, decisive success such as was won in Tunisia should not be expected when our attack is delivered.



PRIMO SOLE BRIDGE over the Simeto River in Sicily—which this Bren carrier is crossing—was the scene of grim fighting when British parachutists seized it on July 13, 1943, and then were forced back. With the arrival of Durham Light Infantry reinforcements the bridge—vital for our advance towards Catania—was again captured and held successfully against counter-attacks. Our positions were finally consolidated on both banks of the river. See also parachutists' story in page 188.
Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

RUSSIA

Events of the past month in Russia have been of even greater importance than those in the Mediterranean and have been no less favourable to the Allies in their effect on the general war situation. In their abortive offensive the Germans made prodigal use of their best and most formidable troops, and it is certain they could not have been brought to such an abrupt standstill unless they had suffered losses on an immense scale. The Germans themselves admitted that the intensity of the fighting was unprecedented.

The Russian offensive against the Orel salient, although its progress has not been rapid and on small-scale maps would seem to affect a comparatively insignificant area, must be costing the Germans heavily.

An area so highly fortified cannot be easily overrun, and so long as it is defended with determination it must be dealt with by a series of well prepared concentrated attacks. But the defence has little chance of retreat, and the capture of each successive locality implies the practical annihilation of its garrison. The cost to the defence is therefore very high. The Germans appear determined to hold the salient at all costs and have again used their reserves of mobile troops prodigally in counter-attacks which when unsuccessful are liable to prove desperately expensive.

The drain on German reserves must therefore during the past have been exceptionally high. We know from bitter experience in the last war that it is the intensity of the fighting rather than the extent of the area covered by operations that rapidly reduces reserve strength. Germany's great weakness is the lack of a central reserve available to reinforce threatened points on her immense defensive front.

If she had hoped to be able to build up such a reserve by adopting a defensive attitude in Russia, that hope must by now be rapidly vanishing. Having failed to disrupt Russian offensive plans by her own offensive, her Russian front is now threatened throughout its length and needs reserve strength behind it as much as or more than her fronts in the south and west of Europe. No reserves can be spared for it.

UNDER Russian pressure the Orel salient has diminished in size, but it would still be practicable for the Germans to withdraw from it, although probably only with great loss of material. There are, however, no signs that this is yet their intention, and they may hope that the Russians will exhaust their offensive strength in their efforts to effect its reduction. But there is little reason to believe that the development of Russian plans depends entirely on the elimination of the Orel salient or that Zhukov would make Hitler's mistake of allowing the desire to capture a city to divert him from his main object. Desirable as the capture of Orel undoubtedly is, it should not be looked on as the test by which the success of Russian strategy can be judged.

THE EIGHTH ARMY IN SICILY

Units serving in the Eighth Army in Sicily are :
***The 5th, 50th, and 51st United Kingdom Divisions** and the following Canadian regiments, their places of origin, when not obvious, being given in parentheses.
Hastings and Prince Edward (Eastern Ontario).
Royal Canadian (London, Toronto, Montreal).
48th Highlanders, Canada (Toronto).
Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (Winnipeg, Vancouver).
Seaforth Highlanders (Vancouver, B.C.).
Edmonton, West Nova Scotia, Royal 22nd (French Canadian : Quebec).
Carleton and York (New Brunswick).

*[On August 4, 1943 Mr. Churchill announced that the **78th United Kingdom Division** was operating in the Centuripe Sector.]

Skirl o' the Pipes on the Road to Catania

SCOTTISH TROOPS in Sicily march to the music of the pipes (top) in the hills north of Vizzini, towards Catania, some 31 miles distant as the bomber flies. These are some of the men who broke the Lentini "bottle-neck" and deployed into the Plain of Catania on July 16, 1943. Catania fell to the 8th Army on August 5. At Militella (bottom), a few miles from Vizzini, our men receive gifts of wine. War correspondents, commanders and troops agreed on the warmth of their reception by a people weary of Fascism.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

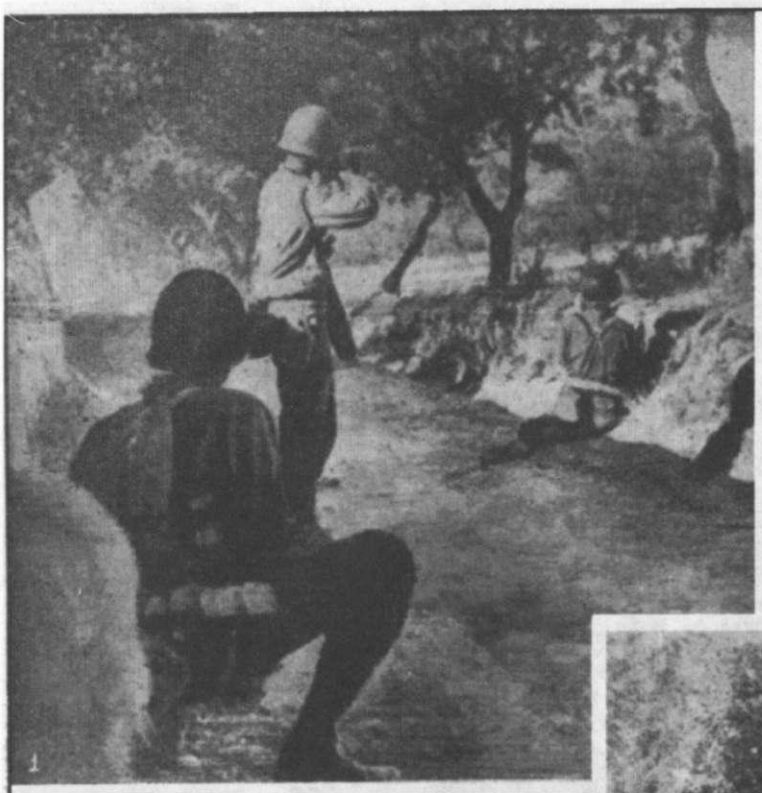
Approach to the 'Bottle-neck'—Key to the Plain

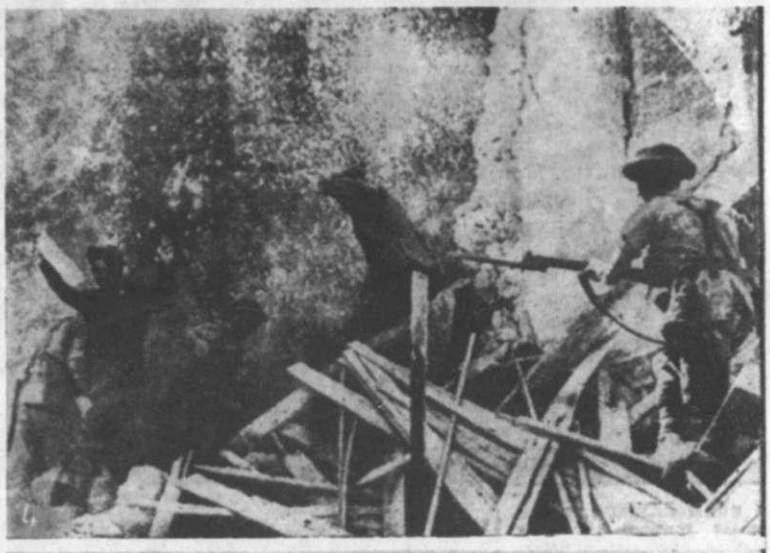
A BREN CARRIER (above) passes through the hilly Sicilian countryside of Palazzolo (see map in p. 133), which was occupied by Canadian units of the 8th Army on July 13, 1943. The town stands astride the only railway and road to the west from the port of Syracuse, which fell three days earlier. Thus was closed one of the avenues through which the enemy might have sent forces for the relief of the port—the capture of which, with its harbour facilities undamaged, was one of the outstanding gains of the first days of the invasion. Success in this area enabled the 8th Army to press on to the town of Melilli (right) and thence through the Lentini "bottle-neck" to the Plain of Catania.

Soon after Melilli fell, on July 15, the Royal Army Medical Corps, who had been with the forward troops, took over suitable buildings as hospitals and parked their ambulances in the main square in the shadow of the undamaged Church of St. Sebastian, while British infantry and armoured units passed on.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Three Allied Forces Sweep on With One Aim





PERFECT CO-ORDINATION crowns the efforts of British, Canadian and American troops in Sicily with outstanding success. Having conquered the centre and west, Americans and Canadians turned east, to form with Gen. Montgomery's Britishers on July 29, 1943, the Catania-Agira-San Stefano line in preparation for clearing the last of the Axis forces from of the island.

During the advance to Caltanisetta the Americans dealt with many a sniper's hide-out (1), but bitterness of fighting was forgotten when a wounded Italian prisoner (2) wanted a cigarette and a light. British tanks were passing through Pachino (3) by July 12; in the hills around Enna our men became accustomed to strong-points disgorging Axis troops (4) complete with white flag. At Modica, a town clinging to the side of an impressive gorge, with a population of 40,000, men of the Western Canadian Infantry (5) encountered no opposition on July 15; they found the gates of the town wide open and scores of Italian soldiers begging to be captured.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

Eighth Army Armour In Triumphal Setting

A SHERMAN TANK passes through an imposing arch into the town of Cassibile, on the coastal road between Syracuse and Avola, a sector overrun by the 8th Army on July 10, 1943. Syracuse fell on July 10, Augusta surrendered without a fight on July 14, and following the establishment of a bridgehead at Primo Sole (see p. 163) our troops deployed into the Plain of Catania for the crucial battle. On August 1 the 8th Army launched the assault, and Catania fell four days later.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

THOUGH the Italian surrender is still delayed at the time of writing, there is good reason to suppose that it cannot be long deferred. When it comes it will take the form of a complete capitulation, for nothing less will be accepted by the Allies. Apart from the immense strategical value which the Italian peninsula will possess as an Allied base from which to attack Germany and her remaining satellites, there is much important war material in Italian hands which can be turned to good account when handed over to the victors.

First and foremost is the Italian Navy, with its valuable bases at Spezia, Naples, Taranto, Venice and Pola, including dockyards and other facilities. There are also important private shipyards, gun factories, armour-plate foundries and rolling mills, marine engine works, and other establishments, of which the Odero-Terni-Orlando and Ansaldo undertakings are the largest.

IT is known that the Germans are extremely anxious that none of these should fall into Allied hands, yet how they are to prevent this occurring—except possibly in the case of the ports of Trieste, Pola, and Fiume—it is hard to see. There are reports that already steps have been taken to occupy the three ports named, though how far the matter has gone is not clear. Even assuming that these particular prizes are bagged by the Germans (who have long cast a covetous eye upon them, as they were formerly part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire), they are believed to contain an insignificant proportion of the Italian fleet. There are a semi-complete new battleship, a heavily damaged old one under refit, and a couple of cruisers of 4,200 tons laid down for the Siamese Navy in 1939, but not believed to have been finished. There may also be some smaller craft, such as destroyers and submarines, under refit.

IT has been reported that the Germans are endeavouring to appropriate a flotilla of submarines in the Dodecanese, but this story should be received with caution. In Italy, as in most other countries, the Germans are cordially detested, and it is probable that the average officer of the Italian Navy would prefer to destroy his vessel rather than surrender her to the hated Tedeschi, even as the French decided to scuttle their ships at Toulon in the last resort.

At the moment the portion of the Italian fleet in the greatest danger of becoming Allied property is the squadron at Taranto, composed of three old but rebuilt battleships, dating from 1911-13, some cruisers, destroyers, submarines and auxiliaries. Once Sicily is entirely conquered there is nothing to stop the invasion of Calabria (the "toe" of Italy), followed by that of Basilicata, the adjoining province in which Taranto is situated. Already the Royal Navy has bombarded Cotrone, a port half-way between the Strait of Messina and Taranto, without encountering any opposition worth mentioning.

A dash for the Adriatic is still a possibility; but so little enterprise has been shown by the Italian Navy in this war that it by no means follows that such a venture need be contemplated. It is unlikely that all the ships would escape were it to be attempted, for the British Mediterranean Fleet, under Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, is certain to be on the watch for some such move; and in the sure knowledge of this the Italians may prefer to stay in harbour and wait on events. Such an attitude would be consistent with their conduct of the naval war to date.

HOW United Nations Could Use the Italian Fleet

Similarly, it is doubtful whether the squadron at Taranto, comprising three new battleships with a number of cruisers, destroyers and submarines, will elect to seek another refuge, either at the ill-omened port of Toulon or in some neutral harbour such as Barcelona. Thus it may be assumed that with Italy's complete collapse, her fleet will mostly fall into the Allied lap. It remains to be considered to what extent that fleet could be utilized for our purposes.

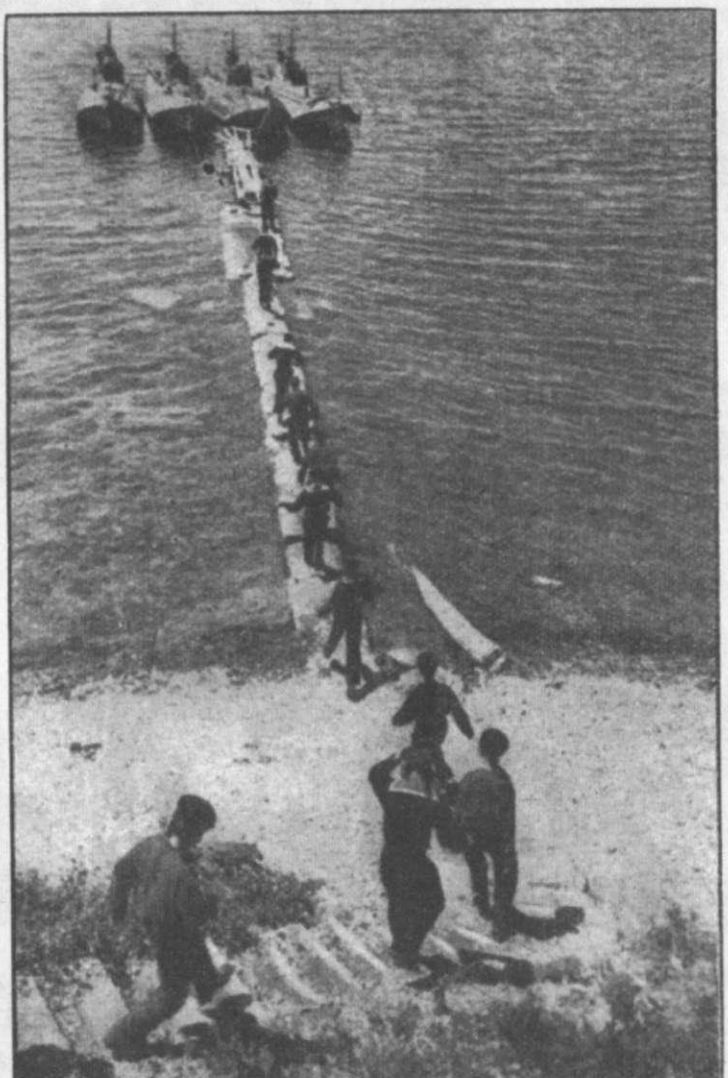
Of the battleships, the three at Spezia—the Impero, Littorio and Vittorio Veneto—are fine new vessels of 35,000 tons, armed with 15-in. guns. With certain alterations there is no doubt that good use could be made of them, as in the analogous case of the French battleship Richelieu, refitted at New York. But the same can hardly be said for the three at Taranto, understood to be the Andrea Doria, Caio Duilio and Giulio Cesare, of 23,622 tons. Though renovated and made to look like new, their hulls are fully 30 years old and in one or more cases have been considerably strained by torpedo hits. Their main armament of 12·6-in. guns could only be used if a sufficient stock of shells could be made available, as this calibre does not exist anywhere outside Italy.

Italian cruisers may number a dozen, of which only one, the battered Gorizia, is of a heavy type. Her main armament comprises eight 8-in. guns. She has been torpedoed as well as damaged by bombs and is still under repair. Seven smaller cruisers, of from 7,874 to 5,000 tons, armed with 6-in. guns, would be more useful, though one of them, the Muzio Attendolo, has been heavily damaged and is being refitted at Naples. There are three or four of the new fast cruisers of the Regolo class, of 3,362 tons, armed with 5·3-in. guns; one of them has been badly mauled. They are really glorified destroyers, very lightly constructed, everything having been sacrificed to enable engines to be installed of sufficient power to produce a speed of 41 knots.

Two obsolete cruisers, dating from the last war, of low speed and small fighting value, may still exist, but are not worth taking into account. They were relegated to colonial service some years ago, and one of them may have taken refuge in Japanese waters. How many destroyers remain in serviceable condition is doubtful, but there may be 50 or 60. Good use could be made of these for operations in the Mediterranean or Black Sea, though the fuel supply of the majority would probably be insufficient to enable them to undertake ocean convoy work.

THERE are an uncertain number of submarines, losses having been heavy; indeed, the names of over 40 of those sunk have been reported. Perhaps as many as 50 may be in a seagoing state, though the total may well be less. Considerable internal modification would be needed before any of these could be manned and operated by Allied crews.

There remain the numerous auxiliaries, which would be particularly useful for all the subsidiary work which falls to the lot of a navy in wartime. There is a small seaplane carrier, the Giuseppe Miraglia, together with sundry minelayers, minesweepers, trawlers, transports, oil tankers and water-carriers. Though the number of these has doubtless been curtailed by the heavy toll taken of Axis convoys by H.M. submarines, there should be a useful residue which, together with the remnant of the Italian mercantile navy, ought to constitute a valuable reinforcement to Allied resources.

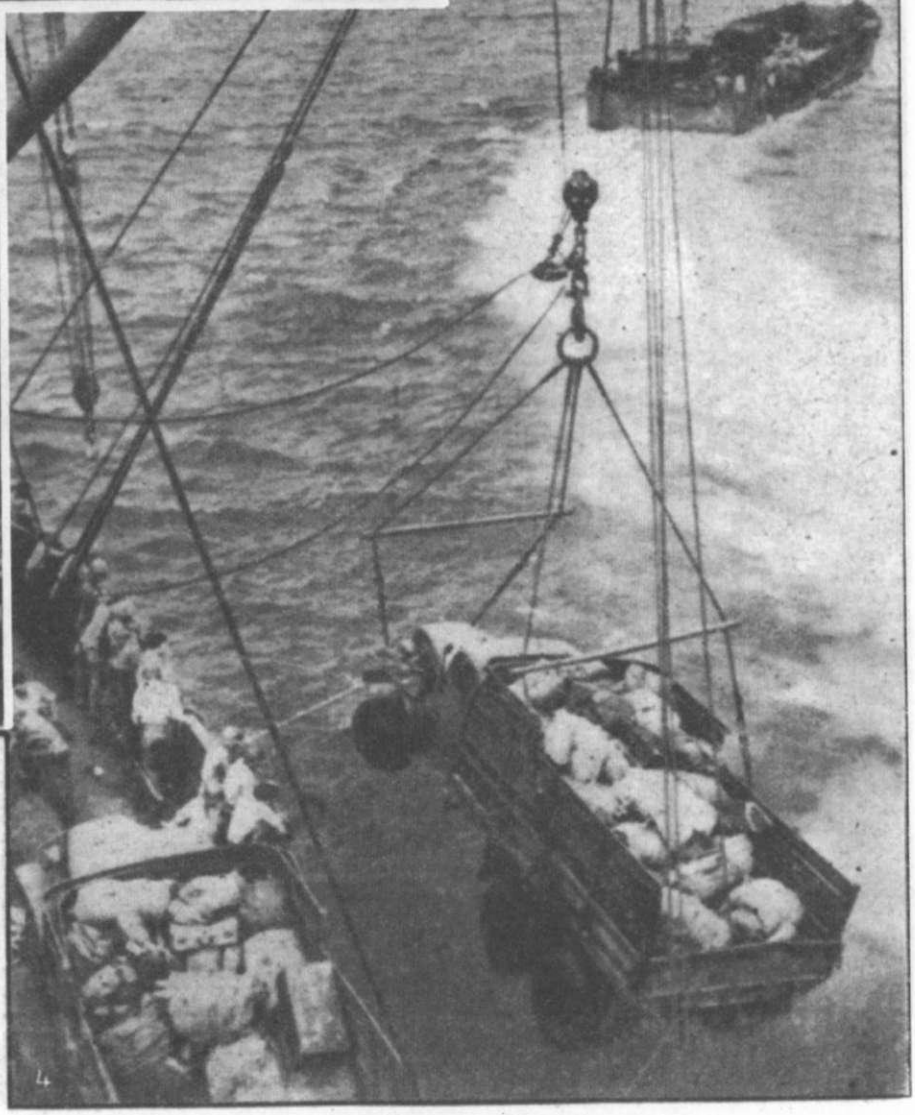


BLACK SEA POLICE.' The Russians are now policing the Black Sea with motor-torpedo boats. Crews are here running to man four of these craft moored off-shore as an alarm is sounded. Necessity for such constant vigilance is emphasized by the German claim of July 31, 1943, that a U-boat had sunk a 7,000-ton Soviet tanker in this Sea. PAGE 168 *Photo, Associated Press*

The Royal Navy Lends a Powerful Hand Ashore

TRANSPORTED BY THE ALLIED NAVIES, our troops got to work directly they reached the Sicilian beaches—some with more fruitful results than fell to this Tommy (1) who investigated an Italian pill-box and found the gun was a dummy! This Signals Section (2) of the Royal Navy, dug in ashore, maintained contact with vessels landing stores and armour (3) on July 10, 1943 (see also pp. 176–177). Of the naval mish Gen. Eisenhower said, "Their comrades of the air and ground forces unite in an enthusiastic and grateful 'Well done!'" *Photos, British Officia*

Americans Subdue Rendova in the Solomons



RENDOVA ISLAND, in the New Georgia group of the Solomons, was the scene of one of the heaviest air defeats ever inflicted on the Japanese; on June 30—July 1, 1943 they lost 123 planes in two days at a cost to the Allies of only 25 aircraft. In that period American Marines occupied the island, wiped out the Japanese garrison, and from Rendova itself U.S. artillery proceeded to pound the adjacent enemy-held Munda airfield.

Under cover of darkness, big guns of the U.S. Navy's task force (1) reached the Kolombangara area (see map, p. 99) and softened-up Rendova for the landing-party, one of whom (2) is having his injured leg dressed by a comrade after the attack. Troops are manhandling a light field gun (3) through the water to the island, and a little farther out (4) a 10-wheeled truck is unloaded on to a waiting lighter—one of the indispensable "invasion ferry" fleet.

Photos, Planet News

For 3,000 Years History Has Been Made in Sicily

"A museum of cultures, a picture-book of history," the author of this revealing article calls the battle-scarred island which we invaded on July 9–10, 1943. With its chronicle of battles and conquerors, of past glories—and a future freed from oppression—the story makes fascinating reading : and place-names in the war communiqués come to life.

Is there another island in the world in which so many races and generations of men, through such a succession of centuries, have left so many traces as Sicily ? Set in the very middle of the sea which was itself for two thousand years the centre of the known and civilized world, gifted by Nature with a fertile soil and a pleasant climate, it has acted like a magnet on those whose wanderings and excursions have given a backbone to European history.

Prehistoric men of the caves, workers in stone, bronze and copper, Cretans and Mycenaeans, Greeks, Phoenicians and Carthaginians, Romans and Vandals, Saracens and Normans, English—yes, our sailors were there a hundred and fifty years ago—Garibaldi's patriots and Mussolini's ruffians. . . . And now British, Canadians and Americans, engaged in one of the greatest ventures in human history. Sicily has received them all. Her soil retains and will long retain their footprints. She is a museum of cultures, a picture-book of history, containing many a gory or glamorous page.

On the Prowl for Slaves

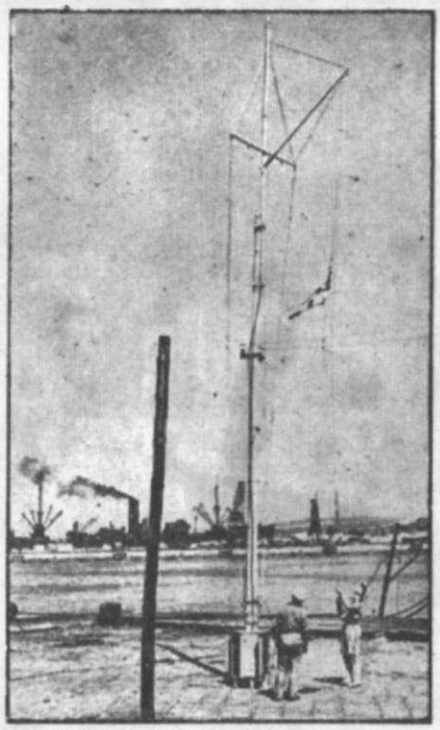
According to the traditions of the ancient Greek mariners, Sicily was inhabited in the long, long ago by lotus-eaters and the wild, lawless and wicked race of one-eyed Cyclopes. But flint implements and fragments of pottery are more reliable evidence of human habitation in the very dawn of European history. The earliest inhabitants of whom anything definite is recorded were the Sicani, who, about 1500 B.C., were driven into the western part of the island by the Siceli, invaders from the Italian mainland, who, judging from the weapons that their graves have revealed, were in the bronze age of culture.

Not long after came Cretan traders, if it be true that the great blocks of liparite stone to be seen in the ruins of Cnossus came—as is most likely since it is the nearest possible source—from the Lipari islands, just off Sicily's northern coast. Then came the Phoenicians, on the prowl for slaves and choice trading-sites ; they founded many a little colony on the coast.

And next the Greeks. In 735 B.C., when Rome was still little more than a collection of shanties, Ionian Greeks, probably from what is now Asia Minor, founded a colony at Naxos (near the present-day Taormina), the north-eastern corner of the island within sight of the Italian "toe." Shortly afterwards, some say the next year, Dorian Greeks from Corinth founded Syracuse, and they laid the foundation-stones of Gela in 729 B.C. Between them the Ionians and Dorians made themselves masters of the greater part of the island, pushing the Phoenicians back into the western parts, where Panormus—we know it as Palermo—was one of their strongholds. The Phoenicians were men of commerce rather than of the sword, but they had powerful relatives, and in 480 B.C., in response to an appeal for help, Carthage, the great Phoenician city-empire in what is now Tunisia, sent an army under Hamilcar to succour the hard-pressed Phoenicians.

Advancing along the north coast, the Carthaginian host besieged Himera, a few miles west of the present Cefalu ; and here it was met by the Greek levies and in a surprise attack routed utterly. The battle was indeed the "Salamis of Sicily" ; and in Sicily, as in Greece after the defeat of the Persian invader, the victory was followed by a remarkable flowering of Hellenic culture.

All over the island there are still to be found architectural relics of this wonderful age, fortifications and aqueducts, theatres and tombs, houses and, most notable of all, Doric temples of the Greek gods. One of the most important sites is Girgenti—Agrigentum the Romans called it, and as Agrigento it was mentioned often enough in the communiqués recently ; to the Greeks it was Akragas, "the most beautiful city of mortals," according to Pindar. Here are the remains of the Temple of Zeus, a vast structure, the largest temple in all Sicily, 372 feet long (the Parthenon at Athens is 228 ft. in length), the Temple of Concord, one of the best-preserved



BRITISH ENSIGN hoisted in Syracuse, fifth most important town in Sicily, after its capture by the 8th Army on July 10, 1943. Since its foundation in 734 B.C. many despots have ruled the town. A new era of freedom now begins. (See also article in page 180.)
Photo, Canadian Official.

in existence, the Temple of Juno Lacinia, situated above a steep precipice, and the Temples of Ceres, Hercules, and Castor and Pollux. (See ilius. p. 173.) Near Sciacca, 50 miles west of Girgenti, are the remains of the ancient Selinus, farthest west of Greek settlement in the island ; its ruins are described as the grandest ancient temples in Europe. Twenty miles inland, between Calatafimi and Castellamare, is Segesta, with many a relic to show the sight-seeing soldier from Canadian prairies or American Middle West. Then there is Syracuse.

Volumes have been written on this, the first of the Sicilian cities which fell to the British invader a few weeks ago. Since its foundation in 734 B.C. by a little band of Greek colonists from Corinth it has been warred for and over many times. For years it was Europe's finest city. Here, 400 years before Christ, Dionysius ruled as a "philosopher-king" ; before its walls the power of would-be imperial Athens was shattered in what Thucydides described as the most important event that befell the Greeks in the Peloponnesian War ; here Theocritus wrote his verses and Archimedes, most famed of ancient mathematicians, invented machine after machine to defend the city when the Romans besieged it in 212 B.C. According to tradition he was seated in the public square lost in thought, studying a variety of geometrical figures he had drawn in the sand before him. As a Roman soldier approached with drawn sword, he loudly called to him "not to spoil the circle !" But the Nazi of those days cut him down.

The fall of Syracuse brought the whole of Sicily beneath the Roman rule, and Roman it remained for more than a thousand years, until the Saracen invasions in the ninth century of our era. Syracuse fell to the Moslems in A.D. 877, but two hundred years later, in 1085, its capture by the Normans put the seal on their Sicilian conquests. Those Normans were near relations of the men who fought and won at Hastings, and on Sicily they left an indelible mark just as their fellows did on England. Mighty castles and magnificent churches still bear witness to their power and genius. Palermo Cathedral, we may care to recall, was built by an Englishman, Archbishop Walter Offamil (Walter of the Mill). Many an American and British soldier must have gazed of late weeks upon his tomb in the Norman crypt. Another Englishman, Richard Palmer, was bishop of Syracuse.

Latest Conquerors Welcomed

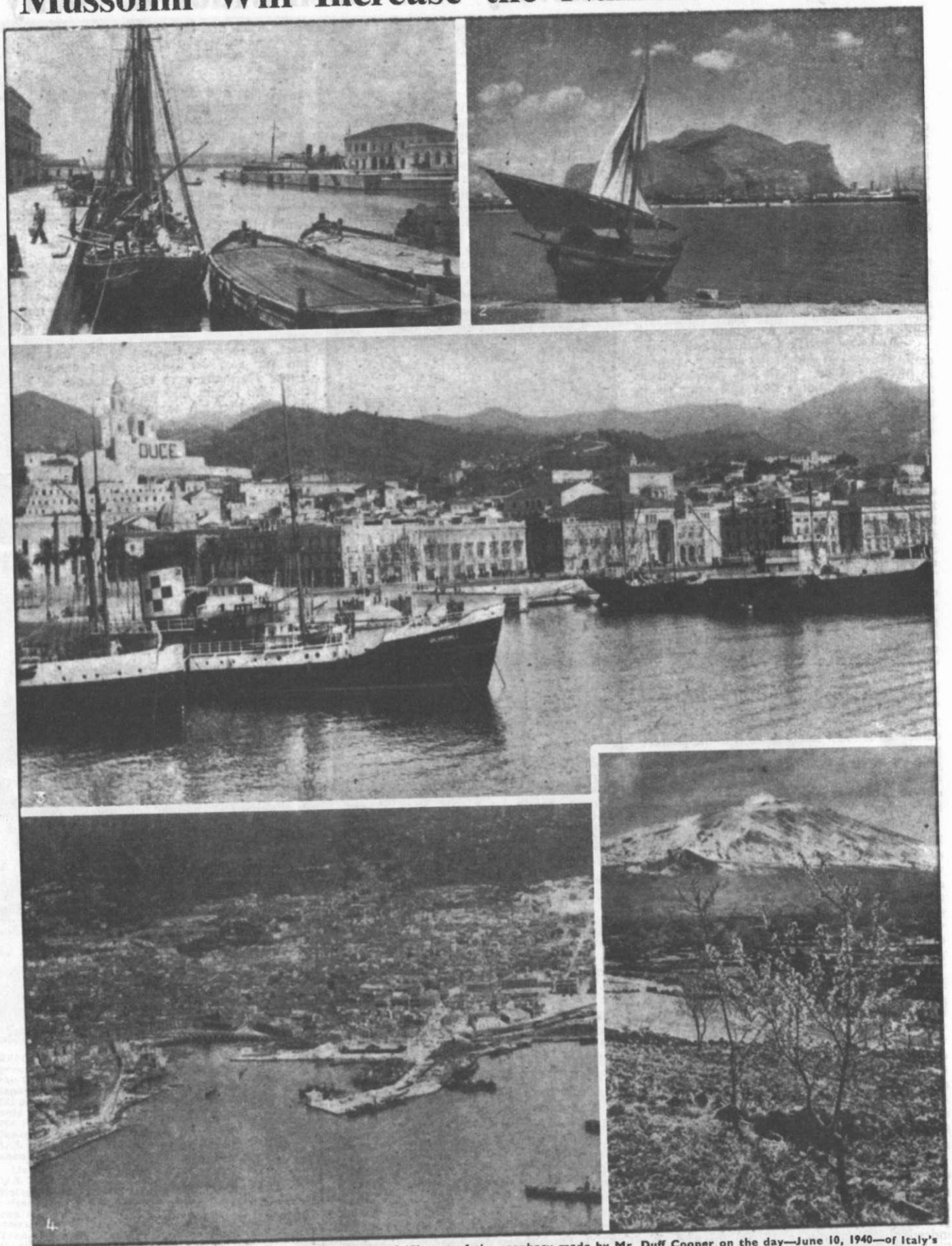
Augusta, another of General Alexander's recent captures, was founded by the Normans in 1232 on an ancient site. Several times during the Middle Ages it was conquered and destroyed ; it has made the latest in the long line of its conquerors welcome, since they come not to destroy but to liberate. Catania, which for a time held the 8th Army at bay, was the second of the Greek colonies in Sicily; their name for it was the same but without the "i." Its cathedral was begun by a Norman duke in 1091 ; its amphitheatre is Roman and its theatre, too. Then, overshadowed by the cone of Etna, lies Messina. It is one of Sicily's most ancient cities, yet the remains of antiquity are few.

Not for the first time Etna boiled up in 1908, and the city was practically wiped out by the earthquake, some 77,000 lives being lost. On Etna's western slopes is the little town of Bronte. Englishmen should be welcome here, for an English "milord" (Viscount Bridport, descendant of Nelson's niece) owns the estates roundabout. They were given to Nelson by King Ferdinand of Naples and Sicily in 1798, in recognition of the great sea-captain's help against the French Jacobin invaders. Nelson was made Duke of Bronte, but it is unlikely that he ever found time to visit his new domain ; he preferred to spend his leaves at Palermo, where were the royal court—and Lady Hamilton.

Ferdinand called the British in again in 1808, and for several years the island was guarded against Napoleon by British troops. Their commander was Lord William Bentinck, and under his guidance the Sicilian Estates (local parliament) in 1812 set up a constitution on the English two-chamber model. (It was swept away by Ferdinand, soon after Bentinck, whose name is still honoured in the island, left Sicily in 1814.)

Now we are adding yet another page to the massive volume of Sicilian history. And in all the age-long record is there anything to compare with this conquering progress in which we, the "enemy," are met with the V-sign of our coming victory ? E. ROYSTON PIKE

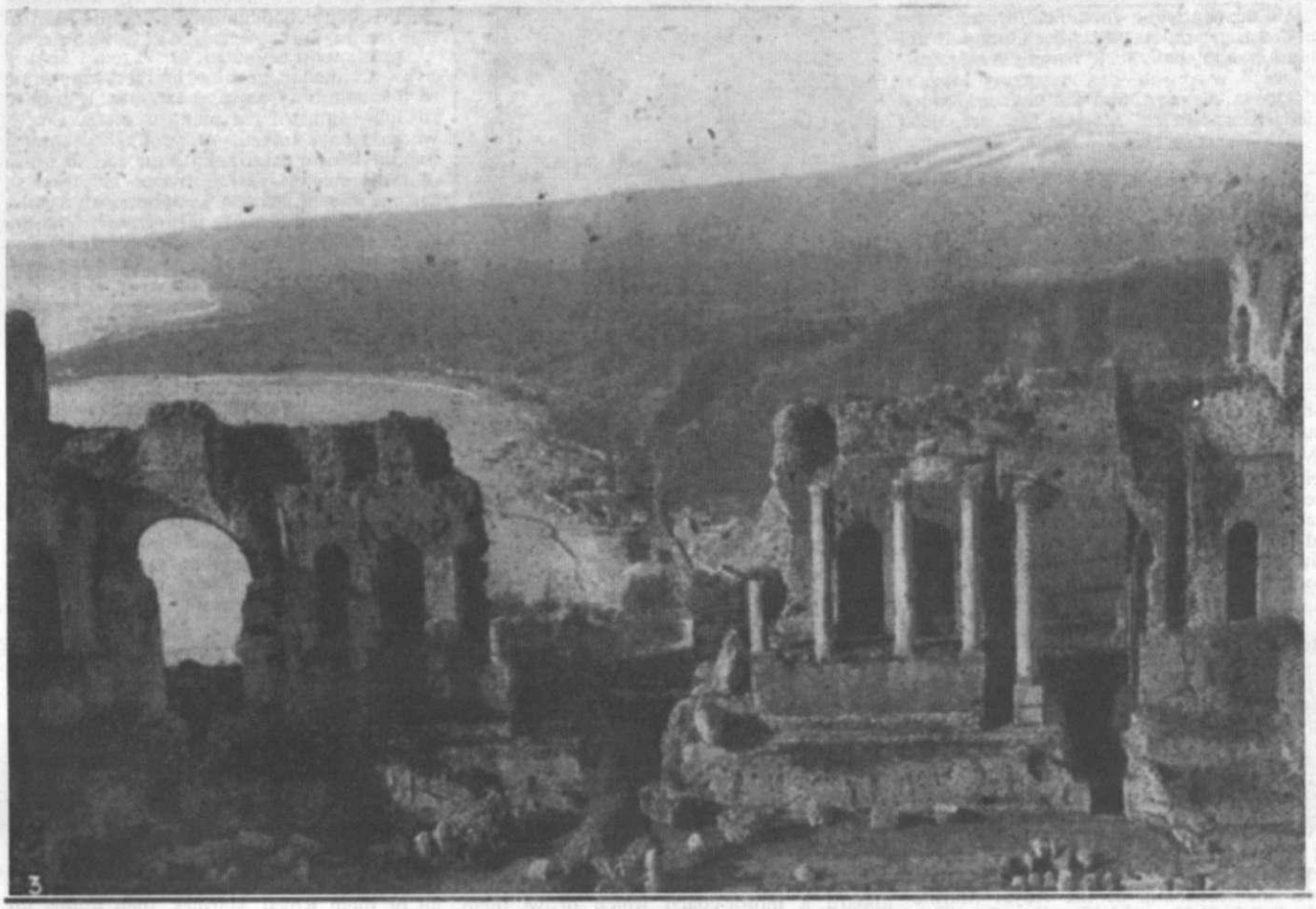
'Mussolini Will Increase the Number of Ruins—



PROUD OF HER ANCIENT RUINS, Italy is seeing the fulfilment of the prophecy made by Mr. Duff Cooper on the day—June 10, 1940—of Italy's entcy into the war ; speaking of Mussolini—the inglorious dictator who resigned on July 25, 1943—he said, " He will increase the number of ruins for which Italy has long been famous." Taken before the onslaught on Sicily by Allied bombers, these photographs show the harbour of Syracuse (1), captured by the 8th Army on July 10, 1943; (2) Palermo, taken on July 22 by the U.S. 7th Army ; Messina (3), terminus of the Axis " ferry " to the mainland ; Catania (4), captured on August 5, and (5) front-line Etna.

Photos, Pictorial Press, E.N.A., Topical Press

—For Which Italy Has Long Been Famous!'



THESE VENERABLE PILES are among the show places of Sicily. Beside them now lie other ruins—of very recent date. The Temple of Concord (1) built in the 5th century B.C., and the Temple of Castor and Pollux (2), dating from the end of the 4th century B.C., are at Agrigento—ancient Girgenti (see article in page 171)—which fell on July 16, 1943; the hill-road to the town and the administrative buildings were destroyed by our naval bombardment. From the Greek Theatre at Taormina (3), where the Axis H.Q. was destroyed by Allied bombs on July 9, the view includes the road to Catania.

Photos, Topical Press, E.N.A.

They've Been Our Commandos For 300 Years

No higher honour could have been paid to the Royal Marines than their selection as the first seaborne troops to make the assault on Sicily, on July 10, 1943. They are the Empire's super-shock troops, without peer. JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON outlines briefly below some stirring achievements which will make the name of this proud Corps of sea-soldiers live for evermore.

At 1 a.m. on July 10, 1943, assault craft packed with Royal Marine Commandos left the parent ship, lying some eight miles off the Sicilian coast. The task of these tough "Jollies" was to gain and establish the first foothold on the island and destroy the shore defences to the west of the main landing beaches of the First Canadian Division . . . By dawn the job was done; the infantry could "go in."

On land, sea and in the air, Britain's Royal Marines, since the war commenced in 1939, have fought in more engagements, and on more fronts, than any other Corps in the world. They were the last to leave Norway, France and the Low Countries. Last out of Crete and Burma. And always able to inflict more damage upon the enemy than he upon them.

At the outbreak of war the Royal Marines, who have been the Empire's Commandos for three hundred years, were well below their 1918 strength. Slowly but surely, for the "Royals" demand men of high mental as well as physical standard, the Corps was built up to its present superlative standard.

Aboard our warships Royal Marines—in every ship from a cruiser to a battleship—help to man about one-third of the guns, supply guards, and furnish the bands. On most of the big "convoy runs" Royal Marine bandsmen have excelled, for besides tending the delicate fire-power instruments, they undertake secret work which calls for a high degree of intelligence. During many of the Malta convoys these bandsmen have suffered heavily; but when the George Cross Island was neared the Marines donned their "blues," and, with their march, A Life on the Ocean Wave, played the convoy, loaded with essentials for Malta's defence, into Valetta Harbour.

At home, too, you will see Royal Marine Police patrolling the various dockyards and the Admiralty; and when Britain was threatened with invasion they manned the long-range guns at Dover. At the same time, when the story of their deeds can be told in full, it will be found that the "Jollies" rank among the greatest anti-aircraft gunners in the world.

Aboard merchant-ships Royal Marine gunners are also showing that skill for which they are famous. Certain is it that many U-boats have suffered serious damage as the result of these always-ready gunners.

Many Royal Marines are also revealing their ability as pilots with the Fleet Air Arm. They were well to the fore in the famous attack upon the Italian battle fleet at Taranto, and many of the Duce's most-prized naval units have consistently been attacked by pilots of the Royal Marines.

Submarines Were Cut in Half

It was a young Royal Marine, leading a flight of three torpedo-carrying aircraft, who was responsible for one of the War's most sensational operations. Two enemy submarines, a destroyer, and a supply ship lay at anchor off the Libyan coast when the Marine commenced the attack. Two torpedoes cut the submarines completely in half; another fired the destroyer. Before the crews could prevent the flames from spreading the supply ship had caught fire, and photographs later revealed that the men under the leadership of the Royal Marine had destroyed four enemy warships with only three "tin-fish"!

It is as the spearhead to land operations, however, that the Royal Marines excel. Without touching the pride of any other force, it can truthfully be said that the "Jollies," when it comes to making a landing on enemy-occupied territory, are the finest in the world.

When that assault landing craft left the parent ship at 1.0 a.m. on July 10, flares of the R.A.F. lit up the horizon, silhouetting the dark coastline while the thud of their bombs could be heard on the ships. The glare grew brighter as the flat, black landing-craft drove in through a heavy ground swell, spray drenching the tightly-packed silent Marines. Several craft shipped a good deal of sea. A machine-gun suddenly chattered. Already knee-deep in water in the craft, men jumped in succession into the warm, waist-deep sea, each holding up his weapons and ploughing forward with his allotted load of ammunition, mortar bombs or water . . . There were sharp, brief engagements, the Marines inflicting on the enemy five times the number of casualties that they

BUGLER BOY of the Royal Marines, the magnificent Corps instituted by the Admiralty in 1664 as "land souldgers prepared for sea service" and whose mighty achievements—down to the Sicilian landing—are dealt with in this page. *Photo, Topical*

themselves suffered. As the sun came up, more landing craft were streaming to the beach, while patrols of Marines and Canadians exploited inland. Thus was the first foothold in Sicily established.

When Britain was reeling, following the Dunkirk set-back, the "Royals" were actually practising for an invasion of Europe; and the first man to organize raids upon enemy territory was a high officer of the Royal Marines, who later gave way to Sir Roger Keyes and became his assistant.

When the Queen of Holland was in danger of capture by the enemy, the Adjutant-General phoned the Chatham establishment at seven o'clock one evening and ordered that 200 men should be taken to The Hook and assist in the rescue of the Queen. An hour later the men were equipped, had food enough to last for three days, and climbed aboard a motor-coach which drove them through the night to Dover. Here they boarded a destroyer and reached the Dutch coast just before midnight.

For reasons of security I cannot reveal in detail all that happened during the hectic hours that followed. Fifth Columnists, German parachutists, and dive-bombers—all attempted to prevent the Royal Marines from achieving their purpose. But the Royal Marines brought the Dutch Queen to Britain—and returned with *all* their equipment: a fact of which they are justly proud.

In the sweltering jungles of Burma, when General Alexander organized his masterly withdrawal, Royal Marines, far away from their cruisers and battleships, displayed that Commando training which has made their Corps world-famous.

Great Honour Earned at Dieppe

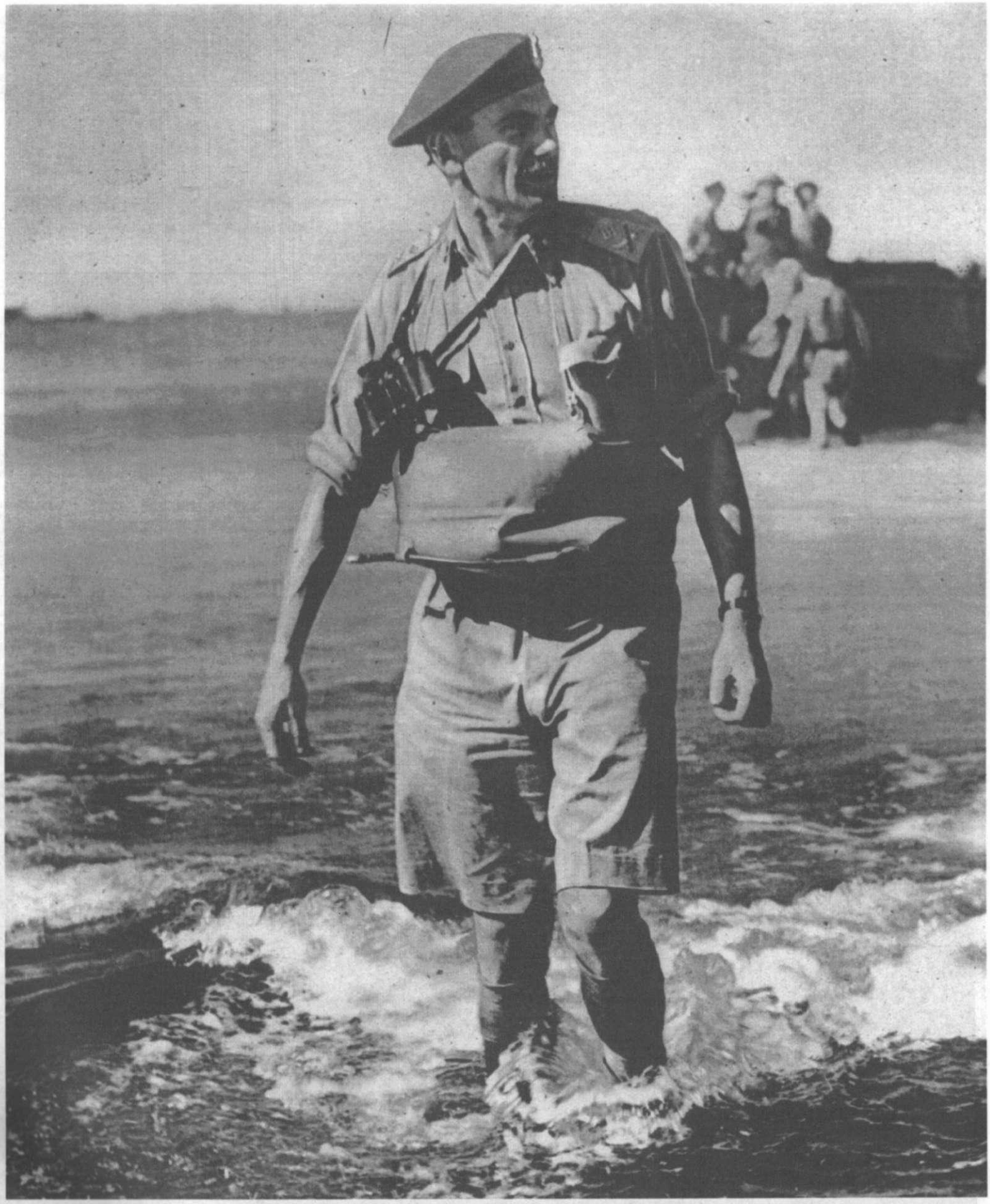
With a small force of river-craft they made the Japanese Army commanders believe that a formidable flotilla of Royal Navy gunboats was on patrol. By this method they prevented the enemy from using the Irrawaddy. At night, taking advantage of their superb training, they crept into the jungle, taking food, water and ammunition to isolated units, often passing within a few yards of the enemy. On their return journey these Marines brought back with them wounded, and provided medical attention.

When the main units had reached India, the Royal Marines took their small boats into the centre of the river, fired them, then lined up in front of their commanding officer. Their ranks had thinned, but the spirit of a great Corps was still with them; and they marched, as only the Royal Marines can march, the two hundred miles into Assam.

As a war correspondent I have many opportunities of meeting the men who come to this country from outposts of the Empire to fight; and of the many Canadians with whom I have talked, all were full of praise for the Royal Marines. You see, because of the Royal Marine Commandos' feats at Dieppe and in Sicily, a great bond of friendship has grown between the men of the Maple Leaf and the "Jollies." Before the Dieppe raid Canadians tell me that dozens of Marines, just to help their cousins from the New World, pointed out to them the best method of forcing a landing and taking cover. With a determination that was magnificent to behold, Royal Marine Commandos, who wear the famed green beret, side by side with Canadians earned great honour at Dieppe.

At Madagascar, too, fifty Royal Marines, landing in the rear of the enemy defences, created such havoc by their daring that very much stronger enemy forces continually offered to surrender! In the end the Royal Marines had more prisoners than they could possibly cope with, and it was with a great deal of satisfaction that "reinforcements" arrived and took over from them.

When the forces of freedom decide to assail the mainland of Europe the Royal Marines Mobile Naval Base Defence Organization may well prove of very great value. Designed originally for the purpose of enabling any weak or unprotected naval base to repel a surprise attack, its purpose altered as the unit developed in strength. Today this, the first of Britain's amphibious forces can be relied upon to capture a harbour, and also provide and install all the shore defences needed for a fleet base. Tradesmen, such as carpenters, electricians, builders, etc., all of them Royal Marines, then follow up and repair the damaged cranes, docks and harbour installations, while their comrades can be trusted to hold that which they have captured.



Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Invasion General Wades Ashore

In the early hours of July 10, 1943 Maj.-Gen. Guy Simonds, commanding the First Canadian Division, splashed through the surf from a landing-craft to join his men pushing inland from the Sicilian shore. At 40 he is the youngest Canadian general, and he has imbued his troops with the magnificent fighting spirit which is carrying them to such great conquests. Gen. Montgomery, leader of the invincible 8th Army—of which Maj.-Gen. Simonds' command forms a part—declared, "The Canadians were terrific on the beaches and in attack inland."

As the Sun Came Up On Invasion Day

Our ships and men crowded the Sicilian beaches as dawn broke on July 10. Coastal batteries had been silenced and shore defences vanquished, and troops and naval beach parties up to their waists in water could work unhindered at the task which was to occupy them without pause through the coming day—the landing of vast quantities of stores, all the varied paraphernalia of war brought for the invaders' use by the Royal Navy.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright

With Pick and Shovel the Way is Cleared

Beach roads had to be prepared without delay. As Royal Engineers and Pioneers laboured to level a way through boulders and rocks of the landing ground, vessels with bows wedged in the shallows prepared to disgorge heavy traffic that would presently pour in that direction to the firm island roads: guns, tanks, trucks, cars, ambulances, jeeps almost without number, for a speedy link-up with the fighting troops thrusting victoriously inland.

Advance of the Liberators

Photos, Canadian and British Official

Past a deserted Italian pill-box (top), infantry—among the first Canadians to set foot on Sicily—push inland from the beach. They are (right to left) Piper N. A. McLeod, L/Cpl. C. A. Jones and Pte. L. Dunn, all from Vancouver. Below, on the road to Syracuse, a patrol passes the bodies of Italian soldiers at Avola, the capture of which by the 8th Army was announced on July 12. As the advance continued the people of Sicily greeted their liberators with the V-sign and with flowers and wine.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vita War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

So Bravely the Greeks Fought

THERE is, after all, a limit to the power of the purely mechanical over the human element in warfare. It is not true to say, as Sir John Anderson once did in a broadcast, that "men can never be defeated by the want of material aids"—and he said it just at the moment when the Spanish Republicans had been so defeated! But it always has been and still is true that men fighting for some cause they believe in, to defend their country's soil or throw off an oppressor's yoke, can stand up against great odds, can beat a foe armed with better weapons, can overcome the soulless might of machines.

When the Italians were struggling to rid their country of the Austrians, who ruled despotically, and cruelly too (which is not easy to believe of Austrians now), Italian courage, Italian endurance, Italian readiness to meet enemies who seemed on paper to be superior in every way, aroused the admiration of the world. They struggled successfully because their hearts were in the fight. They were thrice armed because their quarrel was just.

How different their behaviour when they were flung into battle against the Greek nation in 1940! Gone the spirit they had shown under Garibaldi! Gone the belief in themselves which had given them victory over the Austrians, the Croats, the Poles! They went into battle with reluctance. They were beaten from the start. They were chased out of the territory they invaded, not perhaps like "intruding puppy-dogs," as Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes in Wind of Freedom (Chatto and Windus, 15s.), but in a manner which brought contempt on them and especially on the braggart leaders who made such a mess of their campaign.

THIS book is a History of the Invasion of Greece by the Axis Powers, covering the period from the end of October 1940 to the evacuation of Crete in May 1941. It sketches briefly, too, the events of the between-wars epoch in Greece, when General Metaxas made himself dictator with the support of Athenian "society" and Big Business and was defeated by all lovers of liberty. Of the general's decision to resist the Fascist demand for the subjugation of his country Mr. Mackenzie writes lyrically. "He unified Hellas" (the old name for Greece) "beyond his most sanguine hopes as a political craftsman, expunged the blots upon his own career, and added to the world's oldest and richest roll of honour another immortal name."

On the next page but one, however, this judgement is revised and we are told that, if he had answered Yes to the Italian demand "he would have been swept away by the wrath of a proud people within a day." So he really acted less as a great patriot than as a prudent "political craftsman," and later on we get hints that he was all for keeping in with Hitler, if he could do that while he fought Mussolini—which, of course, was impossible; and that "society" in Athens was behaving in a suspicious way.

The fact seems to have been that Metaxas was an illustration of Lord Acton's saying: "All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." His mind had got so twisted and weakened by the exercise of uncontrolled tyranny that he could not think straight. It was fortunate for him that he died in the odour of patriotism. Another turn of the wheel of destiny might have made him a Quisling, ready to collaborate with the Nazis when they overran the country, as Gen. Tsolakoglou, of Turkish descent, did later on.

METAXAS made the same mistake as the Belgian and Dutch Governments—the mistake was made also by Mr. Chamberlain—of thinking that Hitler "might mean well in spite of appearances." If he had turned to Britain instead of to Hitler when Mussolini began the war against Greece, we might have been able to plan help that would have been really worth while.

As it was, the appeal, made only when the Nazis had to go to Italy's assistance, caught us when we were busy in Libya. We had to suspend operations there. Wavell had to send some of his troops to do no more than make a noble gesture. We left things no better for the Greeks and a good deal worse at the moment for ourselves.

One of the high lights of Mr. Mackenzie's book is a fuller account than we have had before of the action which stopped the Italian advance less than a fortnight after it had begun and which started the complete rout of the invaders. This was the Battle of the Pindus, named after the mountain region between Epirus and Thessaly.

Here three battalions of Evzones, who "should be compared to the Highland regiments of the British Army," the soldiers who wear starched kilts sticking out like frilled ballet skirts, were falling back before one of the best Italian Alpini divisions. I was with one of these in 1917 and I know how good they can be. A vital pass through the Pindus range seemed as if it must be taken by the enemy. That would have been a very serious disaster.

Then the Greek commander, Gen. Papagos, recollected the tactics of Marathon. He ordered the Evzones to take up positions on the mountain sides.

This manoeuvre was to be carried out urgently at all costs and it was to be carried out regardless of whether supplies could reach the men entrusted with so desperate a task.

They got supplies. They were dragged up from the villages at night by old men, women and children. They lacked neither food nor ammunition. Then at dawn they rushed down on the flank and rear of the Alpini, who were toiling through the defiles. Nothing could withstand their impetuous attack.

The Italians, caught at a disadvantage, offered little resistance. The celebrated Julia Division became a mob of fugitives thinking only of how to save their lives.

The retreat became a rout. The renowned Alpini flung away their arms and abandoned their wounded. Many were drowned in the swollen waters of a river. Those who could not run fast enough surrendered, and surrendered crying "Bella Grecia!" to appease with a pretty phrase and compliment the redoubtable foes by whom they had been broken.

This affected the whole Italian plan. There had to be retreats everywhere. From that moment the invaders were driven back rapidly and with very heavy losses. Only the help sent them by the Nazis saved them from annihilation.

HOW did the Greeks do it? What accounted for their victories which astonished the world? Where do we find the explanation of this overwhelming defeat of a large nation by a small one? First of all in "the fighting hearts of the entire Greek people and their extraordinary unity." That overstates it a little. There were elements which would have preferred to subside quietly under the Nazi yoke, but they were few.

As a whole, it was resolved to resist to the last possible effort, and so it did. Next the Greek success is attributed to the ability shown by the General Staff and the inefficiency of the Italian High Command. Finally, the "pronounced lack of combative spirit and an understandable lack of conviction (even respect for what they were commanded to do) on the part of Fascist soldiers," contributed to their discomfiture and disgrace.

The Italians, in a word, were fed up, while the Greek troops by their self-denial, audacity, endurance and valour "offered the world an example of military virtue which has never been surpassed. They fought from icy dawn to icy dusk on a handful of olives and a chunk of bread. For warm clothing they had to substitute the warmth of their love for Hellas. For shelter from the wind night after night they had nothing except holes dug in the drifted snow. They had to drag guns up precipitous slopes on which the pack-mules lost their footing."

So bravely the Greeks fought, so skilfully were they led, that it seems a pity to exaggerate what they did. Mr. Mackenzie has developed a turgid style which indulges in such phrases as Germany's "final plunge into eternal infamy" (meaning the occupation of Greece); Gayda, "the wind-galled hack" of Mussolini; the Nazis "meeting their doom in the land where democracy was born." The Greeks, he says, were the first to "shatter the legend of Axis invincibility."

EVZONES, hardy Greek mountain troops—kilted like Scottish Highlanders—were in the thick of the Albanian fighting during the winter of 1940–41. In Wind of Freedom, reviewed in this page, Compton Mackenzie pays tribute to their gallantry at the Battle of the Pindus. Here is one of them with a comrade from a line regiment. *Photo, Bosshard*

We Have Taken New Life and Hope Into Sicily

A word new to most of us is springing into prominence : Amgot, short for Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory. This new form of government is creating order out of chaos in Sicily and substituting new and humane laws for the bad old regime, as explained below in this special article by DONALD COWIE. Amgot will assume vast proportions as more and more enemy territory is occupied by the Allies—for the good of all men of good will.

HERE is one of the most remarkable stories in modern history. Soon after the first troops landed in Sicily a man came ashore with a knapsack. Asked what it contained, he replied jokingly : "Oh, that's the new government ! " Whether or not that story is true, it is a fact that Sicily's liberators brought with them a system of civil administration for the island no less efficient than their military organization—Amgot, the 1943 streamlined government to succeed the guns.

Hitherto, most conquerors have been content to impose the rule of the jack-boot ; an elderly officer and some second-line men are left behind in each occupied town to perform the functions of mayor, town clerk, treasurer, superintendent of police, and sanitary inspector combined. What muddle and what bitterness among the townsfolk ! But no sooner are our troops marching out of captured places in this war than a real, up-to-date civil administration marches in.

CONSIDER the scene in Augusta, Italy's prize naval base on the Sicilian east coast, after our mighty tongue of avenging flame had licked it and the area had capitulated. Here was a ghost town, stark, battered, and desolate. Hardly a pane of glass remains in the windows, rubble is everywhere ; a few frightened Italian faces peer from under shawls out of grim cellars. Where are the Italian A.R.P. officials, the police, all of those who should be working selflessly to restore order amid the chaos ? Well, there might be one or two native heroes ; but most have fled or have been whisked away by the retreating Fascists.

If our Eighth Army had left that ghost town to its own sorry devices it would soon have become a plague-spot and a wilderness. But here is a familiar figure, a young fellow of the Royal Engineers in battledress. He is disentangling great coils of bomb-twisted telephone wires. And there is a smart Red-Cap, already directing traffic among the ruins with Oxford Street precision. Then two businesslike men, one an Englishman and the other an American, walk swiftly by with sheaves of papers in their hands. "I have got those two bakeries working," says one ; and the other replies : " Good. Now I'll just paste up these notices about the taxation order." Already Amgot is operating.

What does Amgot mean ? The full title is Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory. When founded ? Some time after the entry of America into the war ; details worked out at one of those Roosevelt-Churchill inter-staff conferences. Object : To make an efficient job of the civil as well as the military side of victory this time. But there is more to it than that, quite one of the most intriguing secrets of the war as it is now gradually being revealed.

About a year ago the local inhabitants of a South of England town and America's Charlottesville, Virginia, began to notice queer activities. Scores of intelligent-looking men and women, usually with portfolios under their arms, appeared in those districts and were given billets. Scraps of foreign languages were continually overheard in conversations. Then it leaked out, though without much credence at first, that people were being trained hereabouts to help administer enemy territories as soon as they were occupied. " Thousands of folk are learning German down Virginia way," wrote one Washington columnist—and, of course we took that with a grain of salt.

PERHAPS it did seem rather premature in those dark days. But we now know, and are extremely glad to know, that our Governments did begin to make preparations so early, and on a scale hitherto unprecedented. At those training establishments, the Civil Affairs Centre, the School of Military Government, Charlottesville, and the Occupational Military Police School, Michigan, carefully chosen recruits, most of them with professional experience of central and local government, many of them with knowledge of European countries, were given courses in modern proconsulship. That is, they were, and still are, taught how to apply the Atlantic Charter practically to occupied territories. The weapons they learned to use ranged from by-laws to public health devices, from telecommunication systems to full-scale state governorships. They had to master not only the technical side, but also a variety of foreign languages, the lay-out of foreign towns and, above all, tact and humanity.

LORD RENNELL of Rodd who, as head of Amgot, is Chief Civil Affairs Officer in Sicily.
Photo, Press Portrait Bureau

Fortunately it was not entirely a theoretical course. Quite early in the war we had opportunities of trying-out the new system. Many of us are unaware that Abyssinia, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland and Madagascar have been run along Amgot lines for a year or more. Cyrenaica has several times seen these scientific administrators march in, and now knows them permanently, as also do Tripolitania and Tunisia. A young man who has a big future in British politics, Major-Gen. Lord Rennell of Rodd is at the administrative head of the Sicilian team.

Let us glance at that Amgot team as it is working in Sicily this moment. Titular head is General Alexander, appointed Military Governor of the island. But that is a formal rather than an executive appointment. General Alexander is directing all the Sicilian military operations on the spot, and must have titular control of every phase ; but Amgot works directly under Lord Rennell as Chief Civil Affairs Officer. Son of our most famous Ambassador to Italy, closely acquainted with the country from childhood, once manager of the Bank for International Settlement at Basle, and a Sahara explorer in his vacations, this square-jawed young man of 48 strides about in a little white town somewhere in Sicily today and introduces an Order that is humane as well as New. His second-in-command is Brig.-Gen. Frank J. McSherry, U.S. Army.

GENERAL ALEXANDER'S PROCLAMATION which dissolves the Fascist Party in occupied Sicily, annuls discriminatory laws and guarantees personal and property rights, being read by police and civilians of Noto, a town in the extreme S.E. of Sicily. *Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright*

Lord Rennell has beneath him a Civil Affairs Officer for each captured province and for each city down to 12,000 inhabitants. These are men trained in every branch of the work, but they are provided with officials who have specialized in single departments, chiefly Legal, Financial, Civilian Supply (comprising food, water, fuel, transport, clothing, building), Public Health and Public Safety. Order is kept by a special corps of civil police organized for Sicilian purposes on the basis of the local Carabinieri, while there are garrisons and a system whereby reinforcements could be rushed to any area.

ALL these special Sicilian arrangements were worked out at a " school " high in the Algerian mountains before the invasion. They say that the only aspect which has not conformed to the plan has been the almost excessive willingness of the local Italians to cooperate in the scheme. It has been found possible in many cases to retain Sicilian mayors and officials. Special immediate jobs for Amgot, however, have been the firm " pegging-down " of prices and the control of crops, food supplies, banks and purchases by Allied troops. It is an experiment in Anglo-American world rebuilding which, from all the evidence, most hopefully *works*.

Welcoming Smiles for the Armies of Liberation

AS LIBERATORS, NOT DESPOTS. Scenes reminiscent of the triumphal landing at Marsala on May 11, 1860, of the great Italian patriot "Garibaldi the Deliverer" occurred in Sicilian towns taken by Allied troops 83 years later. Our Tommies made a fuss of the children of Salarino (1) and the children loved them. A British officer found time to chat with peasants (2) near Avola, and a free issue of flour (3) in the Palazzolo area delighted the people; a happy mother (4) carries off her flour while a Britisher carries her kiddie.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE air war has now reached its most intricate pattern. Great strategic and tactical blows are being dealt out to the enemy in every theatre of war. The homeland of Japan alone remains untouched, for it lies as yet too distant from the nearest Allied air bases to make the bombing of Nippon a practical operation, although token bombing, like that effected by the Mitchells under Maj.-Gen. Doolittle (see pages 154-155), could be brought about now.

But there is a world of difference between token bombing and real hard bombing blows. All the evidence points to the former method being worthless in the military sense, however valuable it may be in the political sense.

It is probably impossible to assign the precise cause to the resignation of Benito Mussolini as the leader of the Italian people. Undoubtedly the whole course of the war, adverse to Italy as it has been, has shown up all the defects of the system so lauded by Mussolini in its military aspect; and, as a result, the steed he bestrode dropped under him, and he was unsaddled. But why should it have happened at the precise moment it did? Is it not significant that it followed within a week of the first, and (at the moment of writing), only bombing raid on military targets within the area comprised by Rome?

AND let it be remembered that during the interval between July 19, when the railway marshalling yards of San Lorenzo and Littorio and the airfields of Littorio and Ciampino were bombed in daylight by American Fortresses, Liberators, Mitchells and Marauders, and July 25, when Mussolini tendered his resignation to King Victor Emmanuel, the progress of the war in Sicily, from the area of Catania towards Messina, was virtually at a standstill, meeting with terrific opposition from the German troops resisting the Eighth Army.

For many years Mussolini appraised the Regia Aeronautica as one of the foremost air forces in the world. Undoubtedly it was fairly well equipped around about 1935, when our Royal Air Force was definitely backward in the types of aircraft it possessed. But once production of modern aircraft improved, when the change from "string-bag" types to all-metal, stressed-skin monoplanes took place, Italy could not keep up the pace and fell behind technically.

THE only fighters she ever sent against Britain in 1940 were Fiat CR 42s, at that time almost antique biplanes which were easy meat to the Hurricanes and Spitfires that met them over the Channel and the Thames Estuary.

The bombing raid on Roman targets met with little opposition, and undoubtedly great damage must have been caused to the Italian railway systems which, on that side of the peninsula, bottle-neck through Rome. The loser of a jerry-built Empire was then faced with the fact of the impotence of his own air defence to protect Italy. There was no Italian fighter command comparable to that of the R.A.F. which saved Britain in 1940 to save Italy in 1943. The Luftwaffe could not make good the Italian deficiency.

It was the first writing in the sky of the power of the United Nations in the air. And against such power, organized as it is organized today, and associated with the sea and land forces possessed by the United Nations, there is no ultimate defence. It is but a matter of time. Defeat is certain to be the fate of the nations who have lost the mastery of their own sky.

The bombing of Rome was therefore a psychological as well as a material success. Its date-line was probably chosen with that object in view. It put the final screw on Mussolini, made him rush into whatever pact he agreed with Hitler, and then came up against the implacable veto of his king backed by the veteran Marshal Badoglio.

CANADIAN HALIFAX BOMBERS taking off in the moonlight of a late July night to hammer Hamburg, now the worst-bombed city in the world. Contrast the serenity of this setting "somewhere in England" with the scene of havoc shown in p. 190 (together with an eye-witness story). By August 3, 1943 over five square miles of the city had been devasted in the ninth raid on the port in 8 days—an unprecedented intensity of bombing. *Photo, Barratts*

I remember the King of Italy visiting Istrana aerodrome behind the Piave River early in 1918. I was senior officer of No. 45 Squadron R.F.C. on the aerodrome at the time of his visit, and it was my duty to receive him and present the officers. I found him a pleasant conversationalist, with a marked sense of humour, a fluent command of English, and a real power of dignity despite the handicap of small stature. From that brief contact I can well imagine his personality clashing with Mussolini and coming out on top, even if it has taken him 21 years of forbearance to achieve that result.

Time and again it has been said that bombing only hardens the thoughts of the people bombed against those who bomb and that no victory can be achieved by means which produce that psychological effect and do not at the same time occupy a country. That may be true under circumstances when (as with Britain in 1940) there was air defence. It may have been true of Germany during the preliminary years of the war.

But it is certainly not true during the declining period of a war. Mr. Churchill has promised that Italy will be hotted up if that process is necessary to produce the capitulation which is the price of peace. If that process is required it will display perhaps for the first time in history the real effect of bombing upon a people. The choice must rest mainly with the King of Italy.

No less important in the air war is the effect of the air cover provided to the forces which attacked in Sicily. The island was swept from end to end, and air cover maintained over land and sea at a peak which has perhaps not previously been realized by the United Nations. The early capture of Sicilian aerodromes helped this process.

GERMANY'S Harvest of Bombs is Far From Garnered

Meanwhile, the strategic operations were linking up from all directions. Bomber Command bombed the radio-location producing plant at Friedrichshafen, and the aircraft which did the job flew on to a landing in North Africa. On their return flight they bombed Leghorn. Spezia naval base took a hammering. The railway yards at Bologna, important junction in Italy, were raided. Naples, Bari and other centres in what the Italians themselves used to call their "African colony" were bombed.

In Germany, Hamburg suffered a terrific blow with a raid that dropped 2,300 tons of bombs in 50 minutes on the night following July 24. Essen came next on the programme for a big-scale raid, while the Hamburg raid was kept stoked up by visits by day bombers—Venturas and Mosquitoes, and Fortresses. Dr. Wieninger, German commentator, said in a broadcast after the Hamburg raid (see page 190) that the whole area surrounding the Binnen Alster was on fire.

Well, that was a lovely part of Hamburg. Germany is now reaping where she sowed, and her harvest is far from garnered.

Hamburg was again mass-raided by Bomber Command's heavy night bombers on the nights following July 27 and 29. The port of Hamburg was virtually wiped out in one week during which the R.A.F. and U.S. Army Eighth Air Force dropped more than 10,000 tons of bombs on Germany by day and night.

IN the Far East the aeroplane is wresting triumph from the Japanese. Amid the fogs and gales of the north Pacific, Kiska is being bombed in increasing strength. In the south Pacific, a large raid on Sourabaya took the Japanese by surprise; as well it might, when the nearest United Nations base was 1,000 miles away.

First Bombs Crash Down on Military Rome

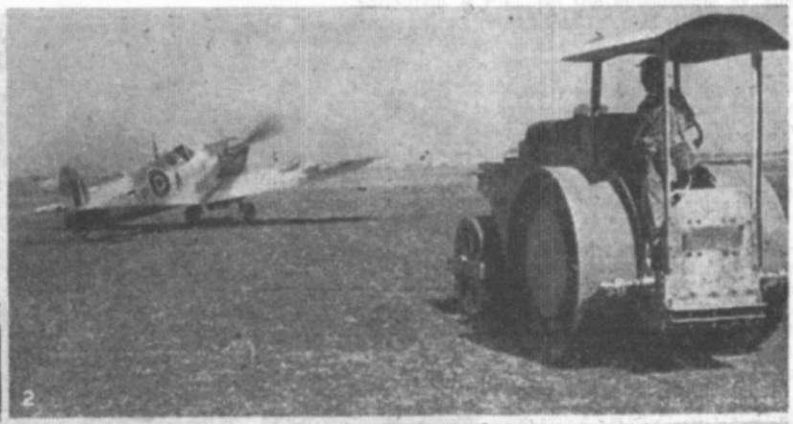
MILITARILY IMPORTANT, Rome is the focal point of Italy's inland communications; through it every railway passes, save the 'ine along the Adriatic shore. So on July 19, 1943 the Italian capital experienced a bombing raid, the first it had known, 500 American planes dropping 700 tons of bombs in the course of 2½ hours.

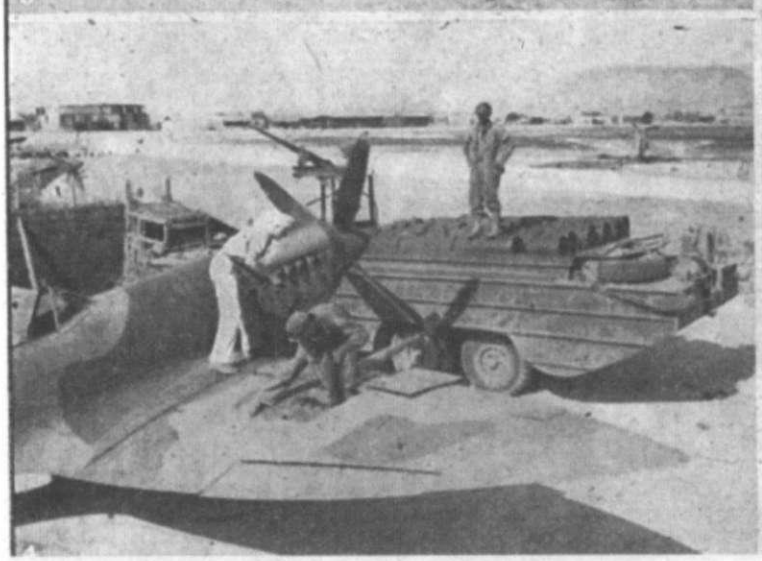
Our map shows the targets: the marshalling yards at San Lorenzo and Littorio (which bottle-neck traffic to southern Italy and Sicily), and the Ciampino airfields. Official photos show the accuracy of the Allied bombing; (top) the San Lorenzo yards, and (bottom) a longer-range view of the same target, as bombs were falling.

Warning leaflets were showered on Rome before the raid, and pilots were instructed: "Bomb accurately or don't bomb at all."

Photos, U.S. Official. Map, British Official

R.A.F. Spreads Its Wings From Sicilian Airfields





RAPID RECONDITIONING of captured Sicilian airfields has been a notable achievement. Operations Unit R.A.F. (1) plan the clearing-up of Comiso aerodrome, while Servicing Commandos (3) examine a wrecked German Ju52 on the flying field; damaged buildings are evidence of previous R.A.F. visits. A Spitfire takes off at Pachino (2) while an R.E. steam-roller is still consolidating the ground which the enemy had ploughed up. Americans service a Spitfire (4) and inspect a Nazi bomber (5), the pilot of which (foreground) has made his last flight.

Photos, British Official; Planet News

Gift From Sicily to Thirsty British Transport

AT A WAYSIDE PETROL STATION, taken intact in Sicily, troopers of the Royal Tank Regiment refuel their scout car before continuing their advance. Retreat of the enemy was so hasty in some areas that he could not pause even to destroy his petrol supplies, recklessly abandoning them as a welcome "windfall" for British transport pressing hard on his heels. At one of the airfields taken over by the R.A.F. (see opposite page), millions of gallons of aviation spirit were found—ready for our use.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

At Last We Have 'Struck Oil' in Rumania

One-third of Germany's fuel for her war machines has been coming from the oilfields and refineries of Rumania. Now Ploesti, centre of that supply, has been very heavily bombed by the Allies. HENRY BAERLEIN discusses in this article possible reasons for our delay in assaulting this vital target.

THE Russians have once or twice bombed the oil refineries at Ploesti, the centre of the Rumanian oil industry and an important railway junction to the north of Bucharest. Five of the fourteen refineries are situated in a straight line along the Ploesti-Buzau railway, and are the kind of target of which bombers dream; nor are any of the others difficult to spot.

It has been argued that it is difficult to transport the oil to the German Army, but then Hitler has sent his Army to the Rumanian oil, basing his operations in the Balkans on those supplies. We were likewise told that oil production in Rumania was decreasing and, therefore, bombing was not worth while; the fact is that Germany is not anxious to produce more than she needs at the moment, as oil in storage tanks is more vulnerable to air attacks than oil below the surface. When it is said that Rumanian oil is of low grade, the answer is that any low-grade oil can be treated by chemical processes to produce high-grade petrol.

PLOESTI RAIDERS report to an intelligence officer, Lieut. Arthur Guiliani, on their return from the daylight raid on the Rumanian oilfields on August 1, 1943. The biggest low-level mass raid to date—more than 175 American planes participated—it had as its targets refineries, storage plants and distilleries. *Photo, U.S. Official*

At the outbreak of the war only 7 per cent of the oil production was contributed by Rumanian companies, whereas 93 per cent came from foreign companies: British, American and so forth. At a critical point in the last war the British-owned wells were dealt with quite effectively; and I am told by an Englishman who had long lived in Rumania and did not leave till the last moment that this time these wells had been mined, but that for some reason unknown to him nothing further was done. One remembers that French and German electricity companies were selling each other power across the frontiers even after the outbreak of war. And did not Mr. Will Lawther, the President of the Mineworkers' Federation, protest at Swansea in June 1939 at the huge exports of scrap metal which we were allowing to be sent to Germany?

It appears that the British and French companies in Rumania transferred their rights at the outbreak of war to the companies of countries not as yet involved, such as the United States and Holland, these in their turn transferring the rights to neutrals—which does not in the least prevent the Germans from helping themselves to this commodity. And when they are compelled to quit Rumania they will not leave in a nice condition what still remains of the wells and refineries.

Until 1939 most of the Rumanian Budget was based on oil taxes, and any decrease in the amount pumped-up created Budget difficulties. Foreign shareholders held the whip-hand and could take decisions that would affect the daily bread of a country. It was to remedy this unbearable situation that the nationalization of the subsoil was brought about.

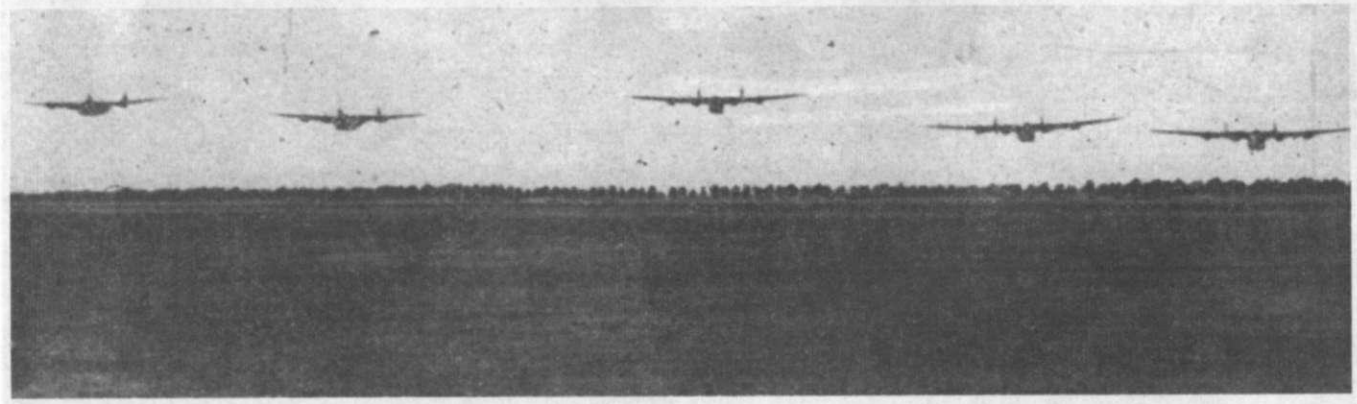
Ex-King Carol planned to use his country's oil as a barrier against Hitler's marauding hordes. Throughout the winter of 1939-40 "Carol's Dyke," which was to be better than the Maginot and Siegfried Lines, was being constructed at the frontiers. Instead of reinforced concrete and steel it was made of mud, and was to be flooded with oil and set on fire if Hitler should attempt to invade the country. Carol felt he could rely on powerful potential allies in Britain and France. But his confidence was killed by a message from London: why, it was asked, was Rumania selling more oil to Germany than to Britain?

Mr. Chamberlain must have known that Rumania badly needed both money and armaments. Britain had told her that she was not much interested in Rumanian oil, as she could get better quality elsewhere and at a cheaper rate. Germany, on the other hand, was willing to pay anything—guns, tanks or gold. Headlines began to appear in our papers: "Scotland bombed by German planes using Rumanian oil," or "British merchantmen sunk by German planes using Rumanian oil." The general verdict was that Rumania had been treacherous.

BUT who sold this Rumanian oil to Germany? Was it the Rumanian people? Was it Carol? Or was it the foreign oil companies? The Rumanian Government could control quotas, but the selling was managed by those who actually held the concessions. The Government collected taxes on production and exports, but did not act as a selling agency. Carol established a Board whose duty it was to keep a strict watch on the dealings of the foreign companies, but this only made matters worse for Britain, as this Oil Board was considered a further infringement of the property rights of the companies.

And now, happily, the Allies have very thoroughly attended to Ploesti. On August 1, 1943, in full daylight, a force of Liberators flew 2,400 miles in all, and wrought destruction there from tree-top height. The Astro-Romana refinery, the biggest plant of its kind in Europe, was heavily damaged. The Creditul Minier refinery, the only one producing high-octane aviation fuel, was completely covered with bombs; there was a direct hit on Colombia Aquila, the fourth largest refinery; many explosions were reported from the pumping-station of the Giurgiu pipe-line. But the greatest damage of all was inflicted on the Americana Romana and Orion refinery.

It is known that for three months' offensive in Russia the Germans require about a million tons of oil; the maximum refinery capacity of all Rumania is 32,000 tons a day, of which nearly 25,000 were until the other day refined at Ploesti. Now this vital supply has been almost closed down and German engineers in Rumania will be as unemployed as those who went towards the Caucasus with Hitler's army.



FIRST OF THE LIBERATORS coming home to their base in the Middle East after the 2,400-mile there-and-back flight to bomb Ploesti, Rumanian oilfields centre. They swept in at less than 500 feet to drop nearly 300 tons of high explosives, mostly delayed-action bombs, and several hundred incendiaries, over seven major targets in this immensely important oil area. They left all the major refineries burning, and long after the Liberators had passed there were reports of continued explosions in the neighbourhood. Months of planning preceded the attack, and rehearsals included the bombing of a reproduction of Ploesti in miniature—a model town built in the Libyan Desert. *Photo, U.S. Official*

Hitler's Greatest Defeat Followed This Fighting

VICTORS AND VANQUISHED of Orel and Bielgorod. After a month of some of the most savage fighting of this war, the tremendous Russian push on the Orel-Bielgorod front reached its climax on August 5, 1943 with the recapture of both these key towns. It was Hitler's most significant defeat so far. A Russian tank-borne raiding party (1) waits in ambush near Bielgorod. On the Orel sector Nazi infantry take cover from a Soviet shell-burst (2) and Russian anti-tank gunners (3) pound at enemy armour.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Associated Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

'Down With Mussolini and Death to the Duce!'

Extraordinary scenes of jubilation were witnessed by Ross Munro, Canadian Press Correspondent in Sicily, when news of the resignation on July 23, 1943 of the Pinchbeck Caesar—Benito Mussolini, Dictator of Italy—reached the ears of the islanders.

THIS battered front-line town of poverty-stricken Italian citizens received the news of Mussolini's resignation with shouts of "Bravo, bravo!" The people shook hands and cried, "Down with Mussolini and Death to the Duce!"

They swarmed in the main street gesticulating wildly, laughing and shouting with relief at the Italian leader's fall. It was one of the most unexpected and spontaneous scenes I ever witnessed.

Early in the morning Canadian war correspondents heard the news in a B.B.C. broadcast and headed for the town. I found a signaller from Cochrane, Ontario, who spoke Italian fluently, and he came as my interpreter.

I stopped with him in the main street, which was a centre of bloody fighting when the Canadians assaulted the place, and we walked up to a group of civilians. The signaller asked them if they had heard the news. No, they had not. Then he told them.

I had seen civilians in every town give our troops the "V" sign in the march from the coast and sometimes heard them cheer. But I never really expected to see a group of people in a Fascist country expressing their relief at the collapse of their dictator and the chance of freedom they saw ahead.

In a few minutes the news spread through the town, and it changed from a miserable, down-trodden place into a place of high excitement and enthusiasm for our cause. Overjoyed Sicilians vented their hatred of their Fascist overlords by tearing down Italian propaganda posters of Mussolini. They threw stones at Fascist emblems.

A Canadian patrol came up to me, asking anxiously if a riot was brewing. I told them they need not worry, because they were seeing the Italian reaction to the best news they had had for years.

The people told me they had been taxed to the hilt, reduced to dire poverty and forced to fight while the Fascist group at the top had indulged in Roman luxury in Sicilian country mansions. I talked to a grey-haired distinguished Italian, mayor of the town 22 years before, when the Fascists established their rule. He had been thrown out then, but was in great spirits now. The citizens said that they would make him mayor again, for he knew their wants and would work for them.

I Ran a Field Hospital for Our Parachutists

Here is a truly epic story of the superb courage of British parachutists who dropped from the skies in Sicily in the early hours of July 14, 1943, and captured a vital bridge in the Catania plain. It was told by a Methodist padre, the Rev. Capt. R. T. Watkins, of Leeds, who dropped with them, to Ronald Monson, representing the Combined Press.

I WAS with the medical dressing station and so wandered all over the place seeing a good bit of what was going on. Part of the plan was for some parachutists to hold the hill south of the bridge, and it was there that I landed. We knew the Germans had put in a heavy attack on the bridge at three p.m. with machine-guns and artillery, but the attack was not pressed home and the defenders held on until their ammunition had run out, and the anti-tank guns had started blasting them out.

Under a heavy mortar and artillery barrage, the bridge defenders drew back as darkness came on. Those dropped in the hills southwards did a good job, holding important positions on both sides of the road and preventing the enemy in that area from falling back to assist the defence of the bridge. Our field ambulance came down well out of its proper zone, but we mustered 30 men. We reached a farmhouse and took goats and horses and cattle from their stalls and cleaned them up and set up a hospital behind the enemy lines.

We had the services of the best medical specialists and all apparatus required, including a bloodbank from which we carried out blood transfusions for both the enemy and our wounded. We captured a German ambulance with medical supplies and obtained the services of an Italian doctor. An operating theatre was set up, and by 8.30 a.m. the first operations were being performed. The last was completed at 9 p.m.

Altogether 30 operations were carried out. We rounded up enemy transport, commandeered horses and carts, and brought back our wounded from the bridge. At one time all the stables were choked with wounded, 90 German and Italian as well as our own. A captured German tent served as a ward for the lightly wounded. We even painted a Red Cross and put up Red Cross flags on the barns.

Lance-Corporal W. Whittaker, of Macclesfield, Cheshire, who dropped two miles south of the bridge, takes up the story:

There was a lot of tracer and heavy ack-ack flying up as we came near our objective at 400 feet. Gliders ahead of us were being shot up. I landed about 4 a.m., picked myself up and moved towards the bridge, which was about two miles away. The Brigadier formed us up under a culvert and led us towards the attack. The bridge was well defended by Italians and men of the German regiment. After a sharp fight we drove the enemy off and established ourselves on it.

About a quarter of an hour later we saw an enemy convoy approaching the bridge from the north side. A few of us went

FASCIST H.Q. AT NOTO, Sicilian town captured on July 11, 1943, displayed beneath a huge portrait of Mussolini a notice: "The Italian people have created an empire with their blood . . . and will defend it against anyone with their arms." The British soldier is examining some of the weapons the Italians will never use again. *Photo, British Official*

REV. CAPT. R. T. WATKINS, of Leeds, who dropped with our parachutists in Sicily to hold the vital bridge on the road to Catania, tells his story above. *Photo, Daily Express*

across and joined the others on the far side and attacked the convoy with bombs. It consisted of five ammunition wagons. We blew three of them sky high; the others turned and got away. While the party removed the charges, the rest of us took up positions in pillboxes guarding the southern approach to the bridge.

There we stayed all day fighting it out with the enemy. There were about 300 Italians our side of the bridge, but we had them pinned down. They had the wits scared out of them when a glider crashed among them, early in the attack. Many of them came to our pillboxes and gave themselves up. We couldn't hold them, but others on the far side had established a small prisoner-of-war cage. We took them across, but the Germans started shelling them heavily just after we left them. We could hear them squealing.

About 6 p.m. we were still in the pillboxes when anti-tank guns caught us in a heavy fire and blasted us out. We crept away and met the glider party. We turned the gun on the enemy and belted them properly. Their mortars caught us and finally we were driven back. Then we linked up with our tanks, who went on to cover the bridge.

BRITISH TROOPS IN SYRACUSE. A war correspondent describes below his arrival in this captured Sicilian port, which before our occupation was badly battered from the air. *Photo, British Official*

Syracuse Was Like Margate in Holiday-time

A British newspaper correspondent who accompanied the assault troops from Africa records his impressions of the Sicilian port of Syracuse, which fell to the 8th Army on July 10, 1943. His story is reprinted here by arrangement with The Evening Standard.

WHEN I landed at the port of Syracuse, in Eastern Sicily, this morning the atmosphere was a bit like Margate during a summer week-end before the war. One or two local policemen wearing dark blue uniforms with peak caps and red-stripes down the sides of their riding breeches, looked rather sour as they watched men, guns and vehicles pouring out of landing-craft that had brought them from Africa without incident, and spilled us out right on to one of the main streets, but everybody else seemed pleased to see us.

Landing-craft emptied us into the street already crammed with vehicles and onlookers. Barefooted boys ran around with baskets of tomatoes and lemons. Some of them kept yelling to the British Tommies, "Johnny! cigarette!" Soldiers swapped cigarettes; the rate of exchange seemed to be one cigarette one lemon.

Old men and women in park chairs watched lorries driving right out of our craft down ramps into the street. They chattered excitedly as the vehicles streamed out at a surprising pace. They stared at us as new arrivals, and seemed thoroughly interested in the vehicles clattering down the ramp at a brisk pace.

Opposite our landing-craft where we crossed the road to shelter beneath some trees was a mural tablet commemorating the "Unknown Hero" of Syracuse. There was a flamboyant inscription relating to the virtues of the Italians who fell in the last war. On a ledge beneath was a glass torch with a glass flame. But the electric bulb inside was out.

A few yards away was a wooden shack with a signboard bearing the legend "Caffe." Near this place—which was shuttered up—a gang of children were playing at soldiers. They were lanky and high-spirited boys. Several of them were wearing paper caps in shape exactly like the caps worn by Italian prisoners.

Away from the waterfront things were much quieter. British soldiers clomped about the streets, but there were not many civilians if I leave out the children still begging for cigarettes. This morning only the barber shops were open. They were filled with elderly middle-aged men sprucing up and gossiping as without doubt they have done for years and years.

CAPT. COLIN MORRIS, of Wallasey, tells below how he captured 130 Italians single-handed, challenging them with pidgin-Italian and armed only with a Service revolver. *Photo, Burrell & Hardman*

WHITE FLAGS FLUTTERED as Italians surrendered in droves in almost every sector of the fighting in Sicily. By August 8, 1943, about 125,000 Axis troops had been captured, mostly Italians. *Photo, British Official*

'Advanco Pronto!'—and a Mob Surrendered!

Capt. Colin Morris, of Wallasey, an observer with the assault troops in Sicily, found himself alone Hearing that enemy troops were concealed near by he proceeded to investigate, with astonishing results. He told the following story to S. L. Solon, representing the Combined Press.

I FIGURED there were a couple of Italians there so I took my revolver and went up the hill to the stone house. I kicked the door open and yelled out "Advanco mucho pronto suos bastardos!" For a moment there was silence. So I yelled louder. "The Potentes Alliados are here!"

It worked! One by one they filed out. My eyes bulged as the line grew longer and longer. Finally, there were a hundred and thirty lined up on the left-hand side of the ruins of the Greek amphitheatre in Syracuse. They carried automatic arms, grenades, machine-guns, rifles, revolvers.

I yelled harder, and motioned to them to put all the arms in a pile. They threw them down and ranged themselves against a wall. There was nothing left to do except to take the lot down to the prisoners' cage on the beach.

I got on my motor cycle and marshalled them like a flock of geese down the road. It took hours to get them there. There was no one to help, but the prisoners behaved.

At the entrance of the prisoners-of-war cage I was stopped by the corporal in charge. He didn't bat an eyelash, but just said, "Have you searched them?" When I said "No," he seemed peeved. So I went and had a mug of tea.

My Night of Terror in Bomb-Battered Hamburg

On the night of July 24, 1943, in an attack lasting 50 minutes, the R.A.F. dropped 2,300 tons of bombs on Hamburg, greatest port in Germany. Dr. Wieninger, a Nazi war reporter, described his night of terror in the following broadcast, published here by arrangement with The Daily Mail.

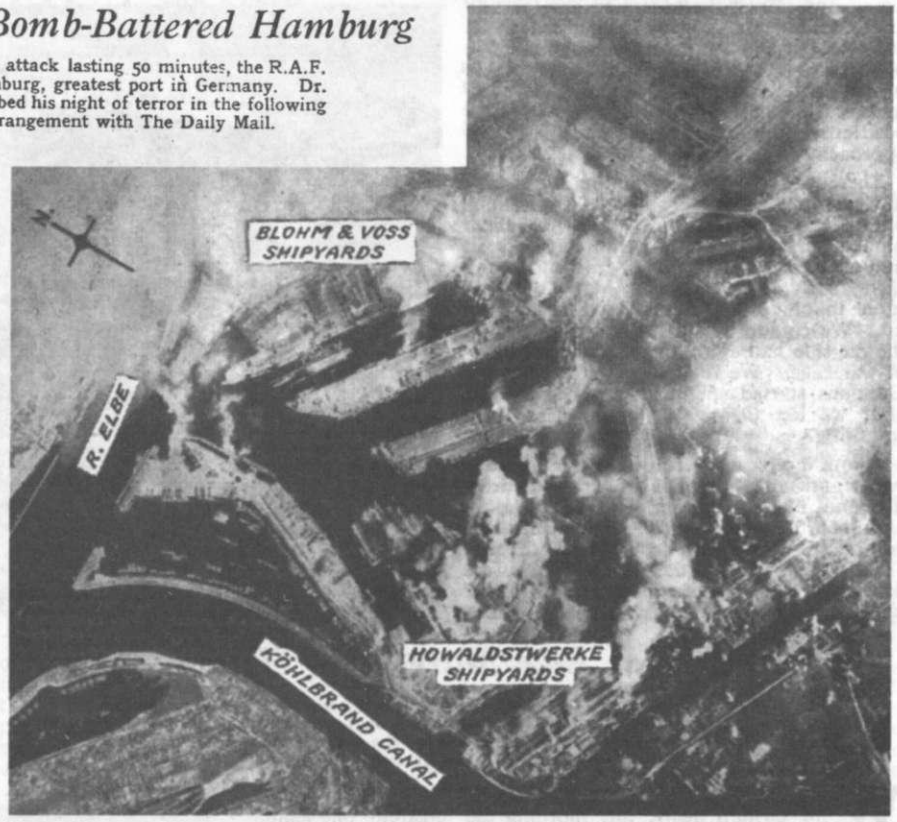
MOUNTAINS of broken glass can be seen about the streets. Bomb craters are everywhere and wherever one turns there are burning buildings. Loud crashes from time to time denote the collapse of damaged houses.

Among the buildings destroyed are the State Library, the Phalia Theatre, the Opera House, the City Hall, St. George's Church, the Nicolai Church, and the St. Matthew Church. All the amusement centres have gone. It is difficult yet to ascertain the losses among the population and the full extent of the damage, but they are very heavy.

Standing in the Reeperbahn (the main road leading to the suburb of Altona) I saw great burning façades. Driving through the streets, through piles of glass, splinters, rubble and debris; past bomb craters with flaming timber crashing down and barring the way, was not easy.

Often enough we had to turn back. We went to the Lombard Bridge and looked across to the Alster basin, where we saw a frightful sight. Everywhere smoke rose from where the buildings of the commercial centre of the town once stood.

Time bombs are still exploding all over the place. Everywhere, in the streets, there are sticks of incendiaries. Smoke hangs over the town like a gigantic black storm cloud. There is only a thin, red slice of the sun. It is as dark this morning as it was at midnight.



SMOKE PALL OVER HAMBURG, most bombed city in the world, as Allied bombs burst on the Howaldstwerke shipyards, where U-boats were built. In eight days approximately 10,000 tons of bombs were rained on the city. *Photo, U.S. Army Air Force*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JULY 21, Wednesday *1,418th day*

Sicily.—Castelvetrano captured by Americans.

Mediterranean.—Cotrone (Italy) bombarded by Royal Navy; Grosseto airfield N. of Rome heavily raided.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops advanced 4 to 9 miles in Orel sector.

JULY 22, Thursday *1,419th day*

Sicily.—Palermo taken by Americans. Places taken included Sciacca, San Stefano and Rammacca.

Russian Front.—Soviet advance of 4 to 5 miles in Orel direction; Bolkhov captured.

Pacific.—Surabaya (Java) bombed by Liberators from Australian bases for first time since its occupation by Japanese.

JULY 23, Friday *1,420th day*

Mediterranean.—Italian airfields of Aquino, Cotrone, and Leverano bombed. Over 100 R.A.F. and Greek aircraft bombed Crete.

Russian Front.—Marshal Stalin in Order of the Day revealed that gains of German July offensive were everywhere liquidated.

JULY 24, Saturday *1,421st day*

Sicily.—Announced Marsala occupied. Taormina bombarded from the sea.

Mediterranean.—Bologna (Italy) bombed.

Australasia.—Announced that Japanese 9,000-ton seaplane-carrier attempting to reach Buin (Solomons) sunk by Allied bombers.

Air.—Trondheim and Heroya bombed by U.S. Fortresses in their first attack on Norway. Hamburg battered at night in heaviest raid of the war to date; 2,300 tons of bombs dropped in 50 minutes.

JULY 25, Sunday *1,422nd day*

Sicily.—Capture of Trapani announced.

Italy.—Mussolini, Fascist Dictator of Italy, resigned. King Victor Emmanuel assumed supreme control of Italian armed forces; Marshal Pietro Badoglio became Premier.

Russian Front.—Russians made further advances on Orel.

Australasia.—Munda (New Georgia) heavily bombed.

Air.—Hamburg and Kiel attacked by American bombers. Essen, Krupps armament centre, subjected to 2,000-ton bomb-attack. Mosquitoes raided Cologne and Hamburg.

JULY 26, Monday *1,423rd day*

Sicily.—Over 70,000 prisoners in Allied hands to date.

Italy.—Marshal Badoglio formed new cabinet; martial law proclaimed throughout the country.

Russian Front.—Kurakino and Erovkina captured in Soviet Orel advance.

Australasia.—Vila (Kalombangara Is.) bombed by 200 Liberators. Salamaua and Komiatum (New Guinea) heavily raided.

Air.—N.W. German cities, Hanover, Hamburg, Wilhelmshaven and Wesermunde, bombed by U.S. Fortresses in daylight. Hamburg raided at night by Mosquitoes.

JULY 27, Tuesday *1,424th day*

Air.—In fourth successive night raid Hamburg received greatest battering of the war to date; bomb-load, exceeding previous record, dropped in 45 minutes.

Italy.—New Italian cabinet dissolved the Fascist Party and swept away powers of Fascist Grand Council. Mr. Churchill said of Italy that he would "let the Italians stew in their own juice for a bit and hot up the fire to accelerate the process."

Australasia.—Announced 500-yd. advance along whole U.S. line in Munda (New Georgia) area.

JULY 28, Wednesday *1,425th day*

Sicily.—German defence line defined as running from San Stefano on N. coast through Nicosia to the River Dittaino. Gangi captured by Americans.

Australasia.—Cape Gloucester airfield (New Britain) bombed by Allied aircraft.

General.—M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador to Britain, appointed Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

JULY 29, Thursday *1,426th day*

Sicily.—Announced Pollina, Castelbuono, Nicosia, and Agira captured; 75,000 prisoners taken to date.

Italy.—Disclosed that in Rome raid of July 19, 700 U.S. bombers dropped 1,100 tons of bombs.

Air.—Hamburg again plastered in great night attack.

JULY 30, Friday *1,427th day*

Mediterranean.—Grottaglie (Italy) bombed by Fortresses.

Russian Front.—Germans opened large-scale attacks in the Donetz basin; Russian Orel advance continued.

Air.—Kassel (Central German arms centre) and Remscheid (between Ruhr and Rhine) heavily bombed.

JULY 31, Saturday *1,428th day*

Sicily.—Announced islands of Favignana, Lewanzo and Marettimo occupied by Allies. Capizzi captured by Americans. Coastal road at Taormina, and Cape Molini 17 miles to the S. bombarded by British destroyers.

Air.—French airfields of Merville, Poix, Tricqueville, Abbeville, St. Omer, Amiens and Lille attacked by Allied aircraft.

AUGUST 1, Sunday *1,429th day*

Sicily.—Milazzo, Messina, Paterno, and Randazzo bombed. Allies opened general offensive along whole line.

Mediterranean.—Cotrone (Italy) heavily bombarded by British warships. Naples bombed.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued advance on Orel.

Air.—Ploesti, Rumanian oil centre, raided in daylight by more than 175 U.S. Liberators based on Middle East; nearly 300 tons of bombs dropped.

General.—Announced M. Feodor Gusef to succeed M. Maisky as Soviet Ambassador to Britain. Gen. Giraud became C.-in-C. of united French armies, Gen. de Gaulle chairman of National Committee for political purposes.

AUGUST 2, Monday *1,430th day*

Sicily.—Canadians captured Regalbuto. 90,000 prisoners taken to date. Announced opening of Allied general offensive along whole front.

Russian Front.—In the Donbas, S.W. of Voroshilovgrad, German attacks made no headway; Russians continued to advance on Orel.

China.—President of China, Lin Sen, died; Gen. Chiang Kai-shek became Acting President.

Air.—Hamburg again bombed. Reconnaissance revealed 1,700 acres of the city devastated.

AUGUST 3, Tuesday *1,431st day*

Sicily.—Announced capture of Assoro, Nissoria, Mistretta, San Stefano, and Catenanuova; fall of Centuripe to British 78th Div., Troina and Cerami to Americans. 8th Army entered Catanian Plain in the west.

Australasia.—Fortresses and Liberators attacked Japanese supply and ammunition dumps S. of Mandang (New Guinea.) Progress made against stiff opposition at Munda (New Georgia) and Salamaua (New Guinea).

Russian Front.—Bitter fighting continued round Orel; Russians captured Stish; enemy ceased attacks in Donetz area due to heavy losses.

Sea.—Announced that in the Atlantic recently a concentration of 25-30 U-boats had been dispersed, two being destroyed.

Flash-backs

1940

July 25. *Vichy Govt. announced special court to try those responsible for the war.*

July 29. *Dover Harbour heavily raided.*

1941

July 21. *First German air raid on Moscow.*

July 24. *German battleships, the Gneisenau at Brest, and Scharnhorst at La Pallice (France), bombed by British.*

July 28. *Japanese troops landed in French Indo-China.*

July 29. *Mr. Churchill announced in House of Commons, "all armed forces have been warned to be at concert pitch by Sept. 1" —ready for invasion.*

Aug. 2. *R.A.F. bombed Kiel, Hamburg, and centre of Berlin.*

1942

July 21. *Japanese landed at Gona (New Guinea).*

July 27. *Russians announced evacuation of Rostov and Novocherkassk.*

July 31. *Düsseldorf very heavily raided.*

Editor's Postscript

EVERYONE who has delightful memories of sunny holidays in Sicily must have watched the progress of operations there with mixed feelings. I recollected, when Palermo was captured, how I once described it in an article as "a pearl in an emerald cup," the "pearl" being the town of gleaming and glittering white houses, while the "cup" is the green valley running up between the mountains that shelter the bay. Reading of Taormina being a scene of war made me think of its long, cool, grey medieval street running round a sort of arena whose sides plunge sheer down to the sea hundreds of feet below. It was a lovely place at any time of year, but best of all I liked it in very early spring; when the red-gold oranges glowed amid greenery, and the sun at noon drove one beneath the shade of dark cypresses and pines, and double red geraniums were in full flower, and the scents of thyme and jasmine mingled deliciously, and one had no difficulty in understanding why Sicily has been a theme for poets since earliest times. It is also said to possess an atmosphere specially good for irritable folk. Contentment was in the very air Sicilians breathed.

A FAMOUS school I know was used for a time by the Army. It was abominably treated. The soldiers left it dirty, with the marks of their destructive behaviour all over it. The Navy took it over and now, as the saying goes, "you could eat your dinner off the floors." The whole place is well-kept, tidy, clean. Why this difference? I think the explanation is that on board ship space is so restricted, and the comfort of the crew so dependent on the order that is maintained and upon everything being "ship-shape," that no departure from decent, thoughtful conduct can be tolerated. Sailors get the habit of living like reasonable beings. I am afraid that does not always apply to soldiers. Any house they occupy is liable to show signs, not merely of neglect to keep it in good trim, but of wanton damage. No reproach of this sort can be levelled at the R.A.F., whose members are acquainted with intricate machinery and alive to the necessity of protecting it from harm and keeping it clean. They dislike, therefore, any mess or muddle; they take no pleasure in destruction; they are careful tenants.

I HAVE had a letter about some recent remarks on the waste of paper. My correspondent comments caustically on the amount Income Tax officials use—much of it, he thinks, unnecessarily. But they are not so bad as they were a year or so back. He mentions an amusing instance of punctiliousness on the part of one of these gentry. He received a letter in which the typist had begun "Dear Sir." That evidently seemed to the bureaucrat to be too friendly. He crossed out the "Dear"! Another reader supplies another illustration of the readiness of some people—fortunately very few in number—to spend extravagantly on luxuries. He knows of a case in which nectarines were sold by the grower to a wholesaler in Covent Garden at 96s. a dozen. As both wholesaler and retailer would have to make a profit on them, I leave it to the reader to estimate the price at which these nectarines would be sold to the public. I see someone has been asking a question in the House of Commons about Algerian wine. It is said to cost threepence a bottle in North Africa. Why, the M.P. inquires, is its price fixed at 8s. a bottle in Britain? What sort of Britons are they who pay that much for it, is what I should like to know.

I CAN'T think of anything that requires more real courage, more intrepid disregard of danger, than making live bombs harmless. When I saw that a Canadian Pilot Officer, Robert E. Young, had been given the M.B.E. for his bravery, I couldn't help thinking he ought to have some very much higher distinction. Here is what he did in the course of four days this summer. On the airfield where he is stationed a 500-lb. bomb was dropped accidentally. He was

Courtesy of The Evening Standard

called and in a few minutes it had been dismembered. A couple of days after that a bomber crashed as it was taking off; it had two live mines in it. Out went Young and dealt with them. Next day a bomber came down heavily with a 4,000-lb. "block buster" on board. If this had exploded, it would have done a vast amount of harm. But it didn't explode. The same cool saver of lives and property was on hand in time. The bomb was dismantled in a few minutes, the Pilot Officer showing, as the official record puts it, "little regard for his personal safety." I should call that an under-statement. The truth is that three times in four days he was ready to "lay down his life for his friends."

IT surprises me to find how many people there are among us who believe that Hitler is dead, or in an asylum, and that he is now being impersonated by one of those famous doubles who have been talked about for so long. Whether they fancy that Mussolini was taken in when they met, or that he was let into the secret, I cannot say: possibly their theory is that the ex-Duce was being impersonated also. What is not unlikely, it seems to me, is that the throat affection from which the Fuehrer has suffered for many years may have got worse. That would account for his speaking so seldom, and for the raucous tone of his voice the last time it was heard on the air. There is always something rather harsh and uncouth about it. A German compared his accent to me the other day with that of the Northumbrian "Geordies." He is not considered by educated people to speak German properly. That is not surprising, seeing that he is not German but Austrian, and from a part of Austria where the people speak a dialect which almost always leaves traces in their speech long after they have left their villages or little towns.

I READ a few evenings ago that "the all-important question whether first-class cricket matches shall be of two days or three days has not yet been settled at Lord's. A sub-committee has been appointed to investigate and report on this problem." Do the panjandrums of the M.C.C. suppose that cricket is ever going to resume the place it once held in English (note that I do not say in British) national life? I don't ask this question derisively. I really should like to know. For years the interest in the championship games has seemed to me to be very much on the wane. The days when huge crowds were drawn to Lord's, the Oval, and the big county grounds to sit for many hours watching a match are now far away behind us. Like certain other games, cricket was over-professionalized, over-elaborated. Cricket on village greens is a capital pastime. Matches there last for a few hours, and I know few pleasanter ways of spending a hot afternoon than playing in or looking on at one. But when pitches are so carefully perfected that the bowlers get little chance, and batsmen stay in for hours, playing cautiously so as not to run the risk of spoiling their averages, there is not much enjoyment either for players or spectators. And without large numbers of spectators on frequent occasions to pay gate money professional cricket is doomed. This is only a personal opinion, however.

I PUBLISHED at the end of April a photograph of British troops entering the town of Gabès after the Eighth Army had driven the enemy out of it. "Gabès Greets the Victors with Smiles and Flowers" was the headline over the picture. Now I have a letter from "one of the Highland Division boys who were on that armoured car," asking if the six of them could have copies of the photo or of the issue in which it appeared, and assuring me that our headline told the exact truth. "It was one of our biggest thrills," the writer says, "when we drove into that little white town and were met by the cheering populace. Their enthusiasm was genuine, and we could not help but feel that the fighting and hazards of battle were well worth while—just to see the joy and happiness in those French people's faces was enough to spur us on to greater efforts than before. Now the job out here is done and the Eighth Army is ready for new fields to conquer back from the Nazi hordes." That was written on the first of June. Now, as I write, it is the first of August, and the Eighth Army have shown that the above was no empty boast.

Airborne—But Not Above Riding in Carts

GAILY DECORATED MULE CARTS have here been commandeered by American airborne troops after they landed in Sicily, to carry them in pursuit of the enemy. The invasion glider-fleet was towed by two-engined bombers which, based in North Africa, flew 200 miles to the eastern beaches of Sicily, arriving at 10.10 p.m. on July 9, 1943, in advance of the seaborne landings. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—August 20, 1943. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.